

THE GATEWAY

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Students protest cuts

by Celina Connolly

"There is a momentum on campus. We want to give an avenue to vent frustration," said Karen Wichuck, explaining the reason behind the rally held in Quad on Tuesday which drew about 750 students to protest proposed cuts of up to 24 per cent from the Advanced Education budget.

The protestors lit candles, held placards, and chanted. Istvaan Berkeley, the M.C. of the event, urged the crowd to "yell so they'll hear you at the Leg[islature]!"

Both S.U. President Terence Filewych and U of A President Paul Davenport spoke at the rally. Filewych told the students gathered that they were there "because we care about quality of education, the sizes of classes, faculties and our university." He told protestors to "demand this government prioritize the budget. Across board cuts have no foresight or vision.... There is a train coming down the tracks, the lights are on, Ralph is pushing ahead.... [We] need your commitment to tell Ralph to stop the train."

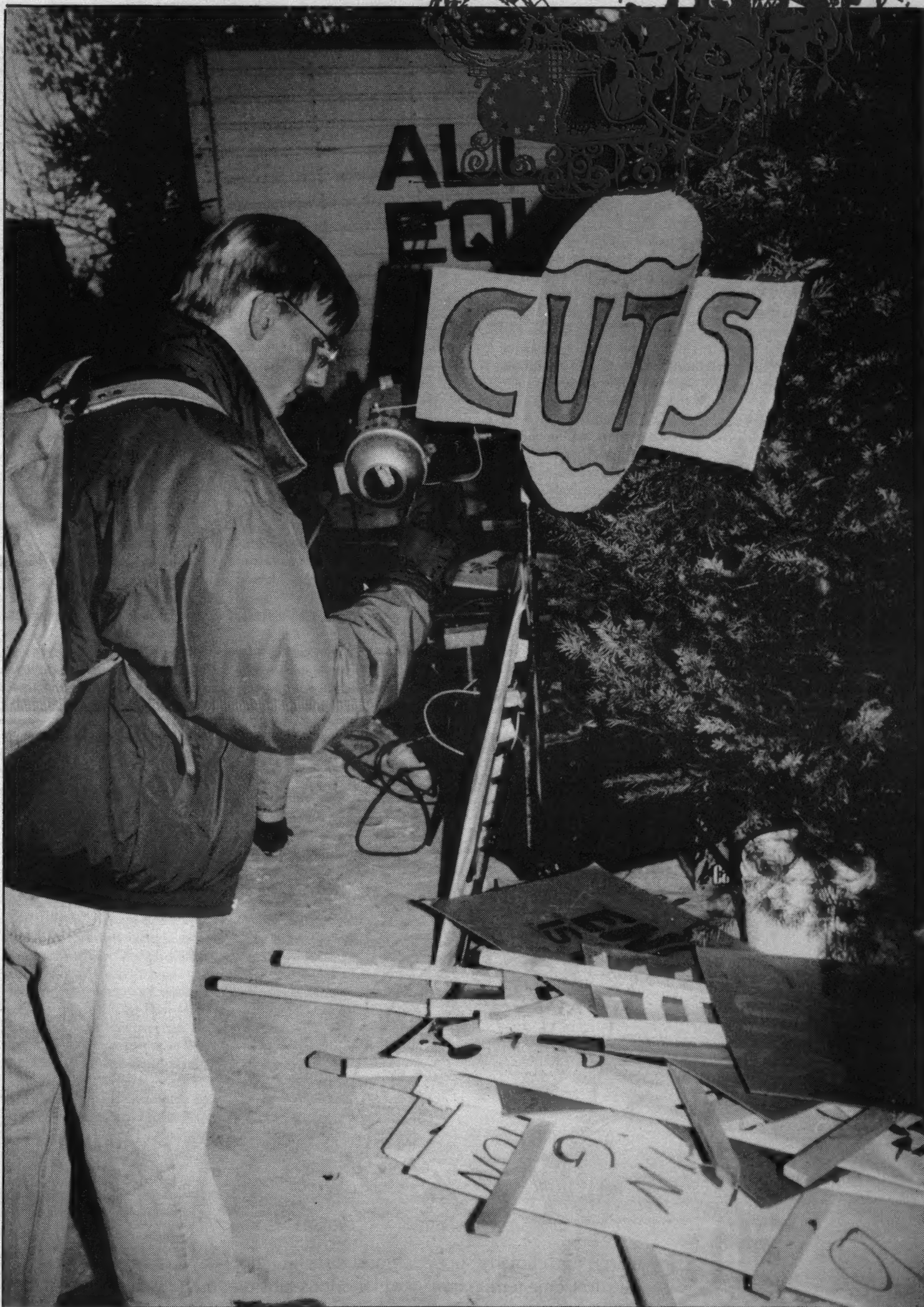
"Why are students being cheated out of an education by paying for other's mistakes?"

— Nicole Lampa, high school student

Davenport pointed out that the "U of A is a national leader in tough cuts...we worked hard to reduce costs...[and] increase productivity." Davenport also pointed out that if cuts go through they could hurt accessibility for students, cutting enrollment by as much as 2,000 or 3,000 in three to four years. "[We are] mortgaging our children's future more seriously by denying children access to advanced education."

Nicole Lampa, president of the Archbishop O'Leary Students' Union, finished the speeches by saying "the government is just covering their behinds by leaving decisions of where to make cuts to school boards." She said that while she may only be a high school student, "at least I know where my priorities are.... Why are students being cheated out of an education by paying for other's mistakes?"

Berkely ended the rally by thanking everyone for braving the cold and showing up. Filewych and others then led the rally in singing "The Alberta Song."



Kevin Gulayets

A student looks at the present Ralph Klein is giving education.

The students were united in their opposition, but many had different reasons for showing up to protest.

Clint, a science major in his second year, said he opposed cuts

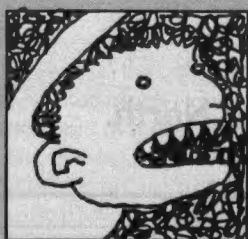
"because the quality of education is already bad. Everybody is suffering."

"It [budget cuts] has happened before in the past and it seems to be

a continuing trend. [It has to] stop now or it will be only the elite who are educated" said Lars, a fourth year science student.

Tim, Wassim, Thomas, and Neil,

all fourth year engineering students, said that "if they cut education there will be a stall on society because we won't progress and we'll fall behind."



Monkeez!
Join Fish and his monkey friends on page 12

"Nobody in retail loves Christmas"

— Mick Chevalier



We tell you what was good about the year
See pages 9...10...11...

Campus groups opposed on hiring policy

by Gabriel Fantino

A report by the Administration concerning the new *Opening Doors* policy on hiring has upset some students on campus. The policy is designed to improve access to employment within the University for women, disabled persons, aboriginals, and visible minorities.

The document was introduced last spring in an effort to meet with the Federal Contractors Program which requires an employment equity scheme in order to qualify for federal contracts. Voting on the

because it would allow for censoring of offensive speech. Freedom of speech is sacred in a university because it allows expression without fear of being shot down for it," said Levant.

A group called Enhancing the Quality of University and Academic Life Coalition is lobbying in favour of the policy. The group's mission is to educate and raise awareness among students. The group was formed by some members of the Union of Progressive Lawyers as well as some faculty and staff.

"There's a myth that this document imposes quotas and goes against merit hiring. This is a very modest, very mild plan. It is mostly concerned with very simple things like expanding the applicant pool, or advertising in native publications. Also making sure that hiring practices are not discriminatory and that people feel comfortable in their work environment once they are hired so they stay" said Elizabeth Seale, member of EQUAL.

"People think we don't need this, that it isn't a problem here. The thing they don't realize is that there is systemic discrimination out there and by ignoring race, gender, and physical ability, you also ignore racism, sexism, ableism."

"Believe me, I look forward to the day when ignoring these things is enough to also remove the 'isms'. But today they exist not only in people's heads, but also in our institutions."

The UPL supports the policy and sees it as a logical move at the U of

A. "Some people [in the UPL] feel this policy doesn't go far enough, as far as it should be an affirmative action program, but it is a step in the right direction" said UPL member Dave Hampton.

He also said there are several federally-funded research projects on hold. The Students' Council voted to support the policy Tuesday.

MAD has been putting up post-

ers and has set up a hotline. Levant says the policy is "good intentioned, but misguided. It is something that will devalue the university and the Degree. It makes us less."

"There's a myth that this document imposes quotas and goes against merit hiring."

— Elizabeth Seale, EQUAL member

policy has been postponed by the Board of Governors several times and will be voted on again on January 7.

However, some campus groups are worried about the policy's potential effect on the University.

"We don't want to be tokens. We feel that racial quotas are never a good idea. We don't want to be judged by the colour of our skins, but on the merits of our character. This is what we are all about," said law student Ezra Levant, spokesman for Minorities Against Discrimination, a student group formed to fight the policy. MAD currently has 5 members and several dozen interested students.

"We are also against this policy

Council discusses Bears, Doors

by Mary Welch

Golden Bears football and the *Opening Doors* proposal were the main topics discussed at Tuesday's long but eventful Students' Council meeting.

First on the agenda was the fate of the Golden Bears football team. The Board of Governors voted last Friday to cut the team due to a perceived lack of funding. This move was supported by SU president Terence Filewych who was instructed by council to oppose any Athletic fee increase to keep the team afloat.

"I don't have it in for the Bears but I have a responsibility to Council. I am accountable to Council," said Filewych.

Incoming department of Athletics chairman Ian Reade spoke to Council in an attempt to clarify the issue. According to Reade, the team does not need nor has it ever asked for an increase in funding or student fees. They have enough within the department through alumni donations, fundraising and corporate sponsorship to operate Bears football.

"This was a case of wrong info, wrong process, wrong decision," said Reade.



Martin Tucker

Wichuk and Filewych in council chambers.

Many councillors were upset about their lack of information prior to the vote. Education councillor Dave Wood said it was a case of "a lot of people with half the facts making decisions they weren't supposed to make."

Filewych said that if there is still enough support on campus for Bears football, "we could still be in a good position to bring the issue back to the board."

Next on the agenda was the controversial *Opening Doors* policy. Its detractors see this as the imple-

mentation of affirmative action, while supporters see it as a plan for employment equity at the University.

Most councillors agreed with the proposal, but some, like Science councillor Mike Curry had observations about the use of numerical targets or quotas. Council voted 21 to 10 to support the document "in principle."

Little mention was made of the proposed cutbacks to post-secondary education and yesterday's rally in Quad.

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"Stop the Cuts"



Kevin Gulayets

This is yet another photo of the rally held Tuesday. It was bloody cold outside, if you were naked. These people weren't.

Cuts force amalgamation

by Terra Tailleux

The proposed budget cuts are coming down hard on the Faculty of Arts. Departments are being told to downsize and programs are being merged.

"Consolidation talks have been underway for awhile and some consolidation has already occurred," admitted Mohan Matthen, associate dean of Academic Programs and Undergraduate Students. He said the faculty is trying to preserve the existing programs despite increasing financial restrictions.

"There are changes in disciplinary areas that have nothing to do with budgetary cuts," said Matthen, adding that "things are more urgent because of them." Matthen cites the continuing concern of moving disciplines as a factor in merging departments but he also sees this as a way to protect programs.

"For example, take program X where there is not enough professors [because of budget cuts]. Join X and program Y and therefore get

protection for X and Y."

As any decisions have yet to be finalized, Matthen would not comment on which departments are to be consolidated "because people would feel threatened."

However, some of the departments within the faculty have already begun downsizing. Kyril Holden, chairman of the Department of Slavic and East European Studies, has been hearing rumours since late September and said that there is "tremendous pressure" for his department to cut back.

"All of the language departments are going through various discussions with other departments to see how they can merge," said Holden. They must find their own ways to downsize or they will be "told how we can merge from above." The Department of Slavic and East European Studies is engaging in merger proposals with the Department of Germanic Languages, according to Holden.

The department of Linguistics, on the other hand, does not have

any plans of its own to merge with any other department, but it is "investigating possibilities for collaboration," according to its chairman, Gary Libben. Libben says demand for his department has risen 15 per cent over the last year and believes it would be "irresponsible to cut down the number of [courses and programs]."

Although Libben said the full impact of the proposed budget cuts has not really hit him yet, he does acknowledge the severity of downsizing.

"In the first year you can adjust, the second year lose support itself, the third year its death."

According to Holden, the merging of programs will mean departments will have to make more efficient use of staff as more professors will have to hold joint appointments. Students will have to go to other departments to satisfy degree requirements and Matthen agrees that the "total number of courses offered after consolidation and before are not equal."

Doctors helping out in Ukraine

by Diane Boonstra

Osvita, the Ukrainian word for enlightenment, is a medical project the University of Alberta is trying to start to improve health care quality in the Ukraine. It would be an expansion of the Chernobyl Children's Project.

This project has been running for two years; its aim has been to help Ukrainian children who have been exposed to unhealthy amounts of radiation from the nuclear accident at Chernobyl.

Participating doctors, however, have come to realize that those children have had too much exposure to radiation, and that the best way to help Ukraine is to educate Ukrainian doctors, who are functioning at a medical level similar to where Canada was in 1955.

Ehor Gauk, a University of Alberta professor of pediatrics involved in organizing the new project, said there is "one objective in mind and that is to teach."

To achieve this objective, organizers from eight different university medical schools across Canada have appealed to the department of external affairs for \$2 million. The program would involve sixty volunteer Canadian physicians, including pediatricians and obstetricians.

Despite recent cutbacks, Gauk is optimistic about receiving the money, though he concedes that the recession may cause a reduction in the size of the project.

Not only do doctors go to Ukraine to teach, but also eight Ukrainian doctors have come to Canada so far to be educated, and

another forty doctors plan to follow in the next two years.

Improving the medical library at Kiev is another priority. While it is the third largest library in Europe, Gauk said it "houses old antique books." The Ukraine is now being supplied with ROM readers and disks to provide access to world medical literature.

Gauk explains that while results from previous visits to the Ukraine are "hard to measure," project members have noticed a few improvements "in terms of attitudes, and little anecdotal things."

Gauk also explained that the necessity of aid to the Ukraine is not only for humanitarian reasons, but also for international security. "If the situation in eastern Europe doesn't stabilize, it will affect all of us."

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OPINION

Managing Editor Fish Griwkowsky 492-5178

RESOLUTIONS

Apathy. Man, it seems like there's an epidemic of it going around Edmonton these days. Pillars of our community—education, recreation and commerce—are all slowly disintegrating before our eyes. For the most part, we just sit back and watch. Why, the other day, I was walking down Whyte Ave. when I saw a cold, frail old bag-lady, shivering on the sidewalk. She was wearing a tattered and ragged Bears jersey, and a soiled Oilers cap as she begged for assistance. No one noticed, or at least, no one stopped and helped her. She almost had to throw a fit, and in fact, she was screaming before... well, I got off of her.

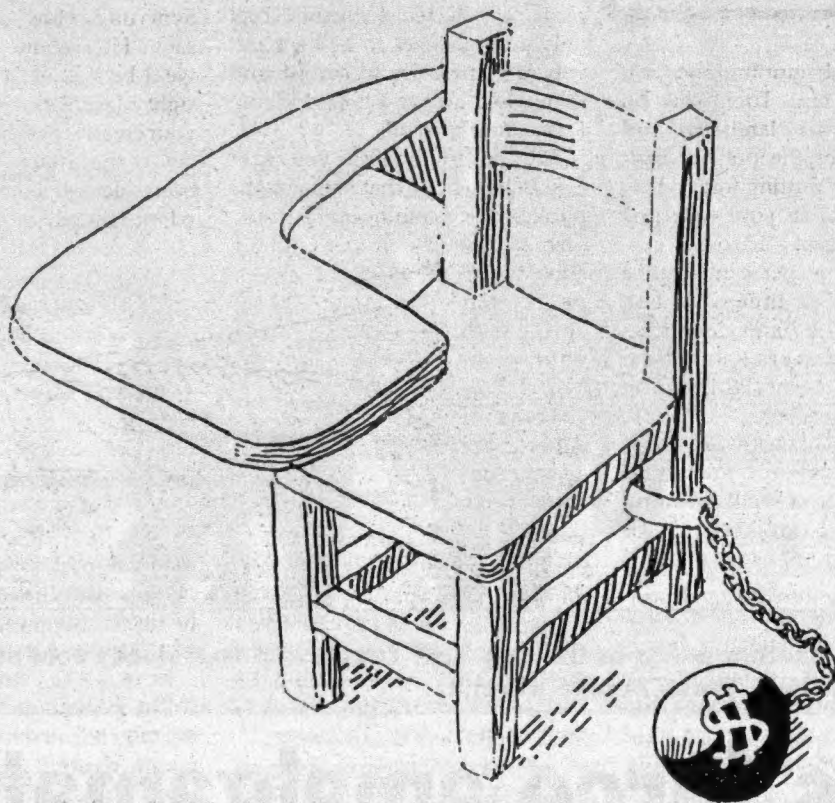
Ok, that might not have happened. But the point is, we practically need a slap in the face before we actually *do* anything. These days, something tantamount to a disaster has to happen before we shake out of our coma and react. News of the Bears' demise was rumbling around weeks before they got axed. Nothing was said or done. Now of course, they are officially gone, and most of the campus is up in arms—even though only a few hundred students ever really supported them to begin with. It's a situation that reeks with irony; if we only were as passionate about *having* the team as we are about losing them, we never would have lost them. The Board of Governors would never have had the nerve to cut football out if this were the case. They would have found the money to keep it going.

Sadly, this whole Bears issue just typifies what is going on in Edmonton right now. It seems it will take until next hockey season, when the Edmonton Oilers are officially gone, before this city begins to act. It will take until then before the fat, lethargic, hole-in-the-armpits-T-shirt-wearing sloth that has of late been in this city, finally gets up off the couch and gets outraged at the incompetence at Northlands and City Hall. And we'll also apparently have to wait until the International actually shuts down before we start screaming "Why the *!%# do I have to go to Calgary to catch my plane?"

Planing ahead. Pro-action, as opposed to simply reaction. Learning from past experiences. These are some of the most important things that separate us from plain old monkeys. (See pg. 12) Take Stephen Notley, for example. The next television season hasn't started yet, and already he's out to make sure that when it does start, *Babylon 5* is part of it. Letter writing campaigns, hunger-strikes; he is really serious and passionate about... whoops... I'm sorry. For a minute there I thought I was writing an article called "Sometimes, Dead is Better". My apologies, I don't have any examples of someone in this city acting non-monkeyish of late.

Fortunately, this is the time of year for New Year's resolutions, and hopefully, we in Edmonton can collectively resolve to get our butts in gear, and to take a more passionate, active role in things we care about. Because unfortunately, screaming bloody murder after this city crumbles will do little to revive the civic corpse.

—Chris Woo, Circulation manager



CUP Graphic: The Ubysey

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L E T T E R S

So there, Boston!

Re: "Silencing the voice of Law students?", Nov. 25, 1993

I would be remiss as a member of the Aboriginal Law Students Association if I did not respond to the article headlined above in order to keep the record straight.

My recollection of the meeting in which Assistant, Dean Judy Koch attended is somewhat different that what was reported by Mr. Richard Boston. I attended the meeting as well, and at no time did I see Mr. Boston recording any of the comments that were being made before the meeting started, nor did I see him writing down after it was underway. The accuracy of what was printed is therefore tenuous at best.

The comments which Mr. Boston attributed to Assistant Dean Koch, were not made by her at all, they were made by me during a private conversation prior to the meeting being called to order. Moreover, the topic of my private discussion was directed at Mr. Ezra Levant's diatribe, where he asserted Aboriginal law students lacked sufficient merit for admission into [his] "very own law school." My response to his remark went something like this: "if Ezra's comments reflect anything

at all regarding the admissions policy at this law school, it reflects a total failure of the screening process that is in place at this institution, for he discredits all the hard work the law school administration has been doing in trying to make the U of A a more hospitable place for Aboriginal law students."

Mr. Boston is sadly mistaken about who he attributed the remark to, and more importantly, he failed to report what I said with any degree of accuracy or completion.

Furthermore, I am perturbed that Mr. Boston (who I see through his news article submission) fancies himself as somewhat of a clandestine news hound lurking about the law school hallways and student group meetings ready to report gossip in order that both he and Mr. Levant can delude themselves a little longer in believing that they will be remembered wherever they go. They will be remembered all right, but for all the wrong reasons.

Lastly, the *Gateway* needs yet another scolding. In the future, you should ask the executive of the student group you are writing stories on and ascertain what their position is before you go printing information about the meetings held to deal with conflicts such as this. Mr. Boston never has, and never will be the spokesman for the Aboriginal Law Students Association.

Bradley W. Enge

Men More Violent!

The letter is in response to that of Kevin Rymak (*Gateway*, Nov. 30). Kevin, I would first like to apologize. In retrospect, my previous letter was perhaps a little ambiguous. I will now elaborate.

The stats I gave are directly from Juristat—a Statistics Canada Bulletin (vol. 12, no. 21). This bulletin is about gender differences among violent crime victims. Of those accused of committing offenses in 1991, 91 percent were male. Violent crimes are physical crimes that include assault, sexual assault, robbery, and other crimes such as murder and kidnapping. From this statistic it is obvious that women do not "abuse physically in the same proportions as men," as you have suggested.

In terms of psychological abuse, it exists, and therefore *should* be recognised. Yes, it is difficult to define, and yes, women are also capable perpetrators. Both genders may be equally abusive psychologically, but in terms of physical abuse, men are significantly more violent both in frequency and degree. We have to recognise and accept the facts—only then can we begin the process of change.

Jennifer King

Continued on page 5

P O L I T I C S



Dave Wood

A letter to Ralph...

Dear Ralph:

This is the beginning and you can see your end. Tomorrow on campus you will be lambasted and condemned for the policies your government is putting forth. How can a sane—or in your case just conscious person—advocate cutting 20 or more per cent from a budget and then pretend it will have little or no damaging effect on the program? Yes Ralph, I am against cutting. And I'll give you several good reasons.

One. It is not likely there are any government funded programs that have that much fat to cut, meaning you will have to cut necessary or vital parts.

Two, saving money now at the expense of programs and the future is hardly cost effective. Imagine how much it will cost to support under-educated people? Remember the social welfare and health care budgets have already been attacked. Now that education at all levels is under attack the government obviously feels it's everyone for themselves.

Three, What happened to real public input? Yes, Ralph, when you

said it we expected you to uphold it. Promises are to be kept not selected at will for discarding or pleasing selected segments. Not only are promises to be kept but you can't promise to cut fat and then wield an axe à la Jason from *Friday the Thirteenth*.

Are you listening? Do you care? You better. Now that some of the public input is coming out you only seem to care about the input that agrees with your position. The citizens of Alberta are all your constituents, so listen to them. Your surveys told you education is a priority and should be maintained or increased regarding spending. 57 per cent said more and 30 per cent at least keeping it at current levels are the spending education needs. They also (at similar per cents) said they would pay more taxes if that was where it would be spent. So Ralph and Halvar and Jack, are you listening? If so, to who?

Agreed, there isn't enough money for all the projects and programs we currently have, so some must go. Let's start with the business sector: sell your interest in Syncrude! How much will that save? How about a tax? We said we'd be willing if it went to the right place. Let's look at some of your creative accounting. The budgets of the last ten years or so have been calculated on oil at \$24 a barrel, not the \$17 or so it really is. Is this the real reason you have a huge deficit? Have you and past governments been spending on Novatel and Gainers with money that didn't exist and now you want to take it out of our future? All we're asking is for the entire truth not just the parts which support your story.

Here are a couple of simple truths, Ralphie boy. One, spending money you don't have leads to big problems. Two, lying about it is only going to make it worse. Three, not telling the whole truth is the same as outright lying. Four, expecting other people to pay the price for your colossal errors is hardly honorable. Maybe a full

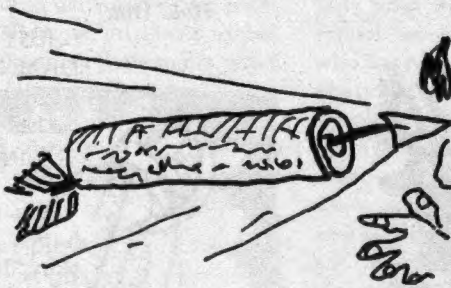
education would help you understand the depth and breadth of damage these cuts will cause. Gone are the days when mere hard work got you a job for life. Gone are the days when meaningful jobs, with few exceptions, are available to someone without post-secondary. Gone is cronyism as a valid or acceptable practice in government.

Take a look at the real world Ralphie. So before you cut funding to the education industry, ask yourself what will happen to this province? Who is going to invest in a province with second rate education and health care and social welfare systems? Or maybe you'll give them money to come here,

even though that's part of the problem you and moron Tory party friends created in the first place.

One last thing Ralph: given that you, the Tories and the government of the last ten years managed to screw up the future we now live in can you be trusted to suddenly fix it? Kinda like asking the abuser to look after the victims. Last time someone screwed up this bad we kicked his sorry ass right outta here. Wait a minute isn't that your program for child abuse.

I see now. I guess Pocklington will be named treasurer any time now. Keegstra can write the history books. I guess it's our own fault (not Edmontonians) for voting for you idiots anyway.



MORE • LETTERS

Continued from page 4

THE EVIL THAT IS JULIET WILLIAMS

I would like to respond to Juliet Williams' article on the Library's new on-line system, the GATE. I regret that she experienced so many difficulties, and I encourage her to attend one of the many instruction sessions we offer. I also invite her to discuss library issues with me and my staff at any time, and particularly when she is writing articles about the Library.

Contrary to Ms. Williams' assertion, the Library has not yet moved books into "a warehouse somewhere off campus." We do, however, have over 200,000 volumes in storage within the Library system. When the Eastpoint facility opens, as a state-of-the-art Book and Record Depository, we will begin transferring little-used materials, which cannot be accommodated in the Library's current space, to that site. It should be emphasized, in addition, that without such a facility the library would not be able to add new materials to its collections, nor would it be able to recover study spaces in areas currently being used for stacking (an ongoing request of students).

With regard to issues associated with the GATE, the Library is in the process of implementing a new automated system, and the transition is not yet complete. We cannot just flip a switch to move from one system to another. Data for over 7

million volume equivalents must be converted from older systems, and the books must be re-processed, barcoded, etc. Until data conversion and barcoding are completed, we are essentially running three separate circulation systems: the old, the new, and a separate reserve function. Some of the difficulties caused by this situation have been very stressful, but dedicated library staff members are working all out to resolve the problems.

Every book that was charged out under the old system is controlled by that system, but also appears under the new system in the online catalogue. However, the new system does not have the circulation records for the old system, which means that the item would appear as "available" in the catalogue, when in fact, it has been signed out on the old system. As these materials are returned, they will be signed out on the new system. In fact, we changed the due date for faculty loans in order to speed up the process. In addition, 500,000 volumes remain to be barcoded, and, until this task is complete, they cannot circulate on the new system. Finally, the reserve room module is

also in the process of being implemented, and thus the signifier "available" is not reliable for those items. We have been stressing all this to the students who attend our instruction sessions.

The reality is that the situation is likely to continue until the summer of 1994, given the magnitude of work involved in converting a collection of this size. We appreciate the patience and cooperation of our staff and users as we make this transition. The GATE is a powerful tool, and, when successfully implemented, will provide better access to the material, as well as new kinds of capabilities, such as access to the catalogues of other libraries and specialized databases.

Last summer we invited the Gateway to meet with us in order to provide more information to the students about The GATE. This offer is still open, and we encourage Ms. Williams to meet with our implementation team and go over the problems she encountered. In her next article, she could explain to your readers how to overcome these difficulties.

Ernie Ingles
Director of Libraries

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IMPORTANT! Notice to Students

- Provincial & Federal Student Loan forms;
 - Provincial & Federal "Confirmation of Enrolment" forms;
 - January 1994 grant cheques;
- will be processed at the Universiade Pavilion Concourse level from 0830 - 1630, January 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 1994.

Staff from the Office of the Registrar and the Office of the Comptroller will be available to assist you.

TAMI FISH



Do They Know It's Christmas Time At All?

My fellow writer and esteemed editor is a grinch. It's hard to believe that someone so untainted by cynicism and disillusionment could find anything nasty to say about Christmas, yet somehow, Fish has managed to turn this festive season into an occasion for self-pity and shameless bitching. I hate all this whining. I love Christmas. Shortly after reading Fish's uplifting Christmas story, I headed down to the Gateway office in the hopes of instilling some of the joy of the season into his gloomy, Scrooge-worshipping self. What follows is a transcript of our conversation.

Hey Fish, have a candy-cane.
Hello! Merry Christmas!
What the hell is your problem? I'm the jolly little Christmas elf...you're supposed to be the grumpy Scrooge!

Why the harsh words, Tami? It's Christmas time and that means good cheer!

Good cheer? This from the man

who writes a fictional story about his friend being slain at Christmas time? You're a grinch!

Well, it seems to me that one of us is in a good, happy mood and the other seems to be, well, sort of consumed by hatred. Did you have a bad childhood or something? I know! Would you mind terribly if I told you a story of why I love the festive season so?

Uh oh. I knew it was too good to last. Look, monkey-boy, all I'm trying to do is spread joy and happiness. Christmas is a happy time. I'll listen to your story only if you agree to sing "Jingle Bells" as a duet with Jay Brown.

Boy, talk about demanding. If I sing with our Gateway poet, nobody reading this will be able to enjoy it. If, however, I tell a heart-warming tale of Seasonal Bliss, everyone can be happy! Please

let me! Please?

Okay... But only because it's Christmas and I'm feeling compassionate and loving... and because listening to Jay sing would be torturous.

Sure then. I can tell my nice Christmas story, then?



Is it a nice story, Fish-O? I think our readers have had just about enough of your dismal tales of woe. It's exam time, people want to think happy thoughts: bright lights and carols, angels and colourful wrapping paper, NO SCHOOL!

So I can tell my story then?

Tell your story already, you evasive shit-blower!

Look, you don't have to be so mean. Should I tell it? No? I don't have to, you know. Like, I don't want to spoil your mood. Maybe you have to go feed your cat or something. I'll just—

My cat's dead. And thank you for bringing up such painful memories. All I have to snuggle with now is my stuffed, wrinkly dog that my Mommy gave me. It's the only stuffed animal I own, nobody ever gives me stuffed animals. People seem to think that I'm not in touch with "the child inside." They give me books written by dead men prophesizing doom. My life sucks.

Ok. Now let me get this straight. You came up here to expose my negative attitude, right? Hmmm.

Are you implying that I have a negative attitude? Look, Bucko, I've

had just about enough of your vicious attacks on my holiday spirit. If you've got a problem with Christmas, you better damn well tell me why!

I really don't see what you're shouting about. Do I get to tell my story? Huh? Huh?

JUST TELL YOUR DAMNED STORY, ALREADY! MAN!

Um...

What is it?

Well, it's like this...

You don't have a happy Christmas story, do you?

Maybe. No, really. But you know why?

Why?

Because Christmas stinks. Because it makes you worry about what you want and what everyone else wants. Because your relatives all sit around asking you if you have a decent job or girlfriend yet. Because turkey has an enzyme in it that causes depression. Because it's cold. Because Christmas carols are irritating. Because everyone expects you to buy them presents and be fucking happy. Because the First World is so damn arrogant, they ask people who are starving if they know what Christmas is at all!

I'll tell you what Christmas is. It's crap. Nobody gives a shit about Jesus or love. The Mall has wrapped everything wonderful that Christmas used to be and wrapped it up in a nice, "environmentally correct" package, signed sealed and delivered to your front door, pal, C.O.D., no cheques, please. Greedy merchants are swimming in their own saliva right now. You can't even sit with Santa unless you buy a photo! I want! I want!

Sorry Tami, but I'm going into a shell for the next few weeks so that I don't depress those untainted by the grim black hole that is my reality.

Reality? Reality is that Christmas is just about the only time when people admit that they give a

shit about their friends. You don't have to be a Christian to experience the joy of giving. So I spent \$25 on my sister's gift...it is going to make her smile. Santa is a fat guy in a red suit, so what? He stands for unconditional love, something I still believe in. Yeah, you're right, Christmas has been tainted by the corporate world just like everything else. The point is that for one month of the year, human beings look at colourful decorations and admit that they make them happy. It's nice to hear Perry Como sing Christmas carols, it's comforting, it's safe, it's an escape. Goodwill towards men. My friend's two-year-old love's Christmas. He screams in glee "Kissmass!!! Kissmass!!!" every time he sees a string of Noma lights. He doesn't know who baby Jesus is, all he knows is that everyone around him is a little happier during Christmas time. He likes Santa. It makes him happy to eat a candy-cane. Christmas is fun. Screw the corporate world. Buying a gift doesn't signify surrender to the merchants unless you let it. You buy a gift because you want to make somebody smile. O.K., so I'm a distant cousin of Polly-Anna, "JOY TO THE WORLD AND GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN!!!!"

Hey, I thought you were a feminist. Anyway, yeah. I mean sure you like Christmas and all—I wouldn't want to take that away from you. It's just that I really hate it, so arguing about it is irrelevant. And seeing as we're both hosed on wine, let's go get some tacos or something. Another important, socially-relevant Gateway article comes at a close for me. Merry X-Mas, ya bunch of fools! Free East Timor!

What the heck... Merry Christmas... I mean, Christmas!!! By the way, since you neglected to ask me what my Christmas wish list included:

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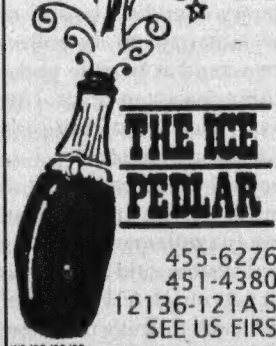
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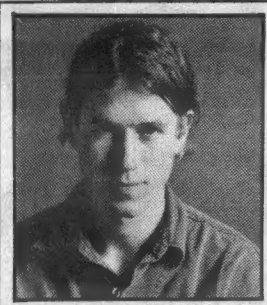
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Todd Babiak

COP•STORIES

A few years ago, a couple of my friends were over at my grandad's house and he proceeded to spin a tale about the past. It involved the Irish mafia and the Edmonton City Police. Every year, the chiefs and leaders of the esteemed men in blue would gather at a popular Edmonton hotel to enjoy a lovely banquet and to drink their faces off. The bill would be paid through proceeds derived from the highly illegal Irish lottery. Only a tale of course.

My uncle finished High School a great many years ago and decided to become an officer of the law. On many occasions, he and his veteran partner would check out construction sites to make sure everything was okay. Uncle's partner was an amateur housebuilder and dealer in blackmarket power tools. So, my uncle had to keep his mouth shut while Partner stole a ton of tools night after night. In fact, my uncle was expected to join in the shenanigans if he wanted to keep his job. He quit.

I'm sure you've all heard similar tales told by relatives and elders about the dark deeds done by the protectors of the peace. I've heard a bunch of lighthearted stories about Friday afternoon drinking bouts with confiscated liquor. I admit, this is harmless debauchery. It's better than throwing a good bottle of booze away.

However, a recent incident has led me to realize that the Edmonton City Police, and the concept of po-

lice in general is far more sinister than I had imagined. More on that particular incident later.

My girlfriend's dad in High School was a cop. Once he was nice enough (he was a nice guy) to give my brother and me a tour of the Police headquarters. He took us to the holding tanks in the basement. There he related a terrifying truth. As we all know, criminals apparently relinquish their rights when



they commit a crime. Whatever. Anyway, if a couple of policepeople pick somebody up and the "criminal" lips them off, they take them to the holding tanks for overnight accommodations. There, if the policepeople deem it necessary, they beat the shit out of the "criminal." This usually happens if the "criminal" opens his or her mouth at an inopportune time. Guilty until proven innocent. This worries me.

I have a few friends who are in cop school, a.k.a. Law Enforcement at Grant McEwan. Inevitably, I meet a lot of future cops at parties. At a particularly surreal Hallowe'en soiree this year, I was lucky enough to converse with one of these kids. He

was elated that he was going to be shadowing a policeman on his beat. The inner city beat.

"It's gonna be awesome," he beamed, "I guess all we do during the day is beat up indians! Ha ha."

I don't have to tell you, fine readers, that my stomach became sick. These brilliant young Renaissance kids who barely passed High School have the power to decide who has relinquished their rights. The power to decide who deserves a beating. A beating sanctioned by the law.

My cop school friends drink and drive, gobble magic mushrooms, and pick fights like madmen. I'm not saying that I don't do these things, but I'm not the beaming hypocrite.

I will now relate the incident I alluded to earlier. A few months ago my friends were watching local band Hookahman at Confetti's. They had a great time and left the establishment rather tipsy. On the street, my pal George spotted a half-full McDonald's Coke on the sidewalk (what do you know? McDonald's trash on the sidewalk!). He proceeded to pick it up and chuck it into the air. Just then, lights flashed, and an Edmonton City Police car driver waved them over.

They were seated in the back of the car. IDs were produced and their names came up on the computer. Right there in front of them were their histories. Their medical, criminal, scholastic, and family histories. The two twenty-five year old mindless ape-men up front then

proceeded to laugh at my friends' vital statistics. These two police idiots had access to more information than my pals knew about themselves. They must have been hired when the City was looking for applicants with bowel movements for brains.

These two university students sat in the back of a police car for 45 minutes. They were verbally abused and fitted with over \$300 worth of tickets and citations. The brilliant officers made jokes about prescriptions for zit medications while boys and girls were being raped and

beaten on Edmonton streets.

I'm not saying that every officer is a pile of filth. Hopefully the disgusting jerks are a minority in the Police Service. It just scares me that certain people; certain creeping hypocrites can learn everything about me with the touch of a few computer buttons. It just goes to show that justice is probably impossible in any society where human beings have access to positions of power.

Let the cabbages rule! Let the discarded 8-track car stereos rule! Just keep people out of uniforms.

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T H O U G H T



Jason Marc Chouinard

LEPINE Reconsidered

don't mean to paint all "feminists" with this brush, only the bandwagon ones who are in it solely to display their angst to the world.)

Yes. Fourteen WOMEN died at the hands of a man. An unbalanced, insane person whose mental faculties were warped enough that he disregarded the universal law of all societies. (Thou shalt not kill.) These women were not martyrs; they were his victims.

Every woman/feminist that calls upon the memory of this tragedy in the name of violence against women or with the view that Lepine was somehow a product of our patriarchal society misses this point and fosters a specious argument. Every article and letter to the editor that calls upon the spectre of Marc Lepine merely to lend credence to some personal strife or battle against the "Great evil" inherent in our "male dominated" society waters down the severity of the incident and this is

shameful.

I do not wish to deny anybody her/his angst. The terrible and brutal emotions that this entire situation thrust into the spotlight must be dealt with. But the alienating point of view that so often accompanies comments on the massacre actually works against any intended purpose. Instead of providing stimulating commentary designed to stir the emotions and provoke insights, these pieces against men or society become trite and by their very nature raise defensive walls, thus hampering any message they may rightfully be trying to convey.

Nobody can bring back those fourteen women. Mourning them is natural and healthy but picking at the scab of Marc Lepine in the name of feminism (or what have you) will slowly negate the memory of the tragic event as it becomes an annual side-show for bandwagon-feminism.

Well, it's that time of year again. The skies are grey; the ground is white; it's cold; exams are around the corner, and every bandwagon feminist is about to jump down the collective throat of MAN-kind in the name of the Marc Lepine Massacre.

Whoa, stop fuming! I will not in any way, shape or form deliberately or indirectly belittle the travesty that occurred four years ago at l'Ecole Polytechnique. The tragic deaths of fourteen women and the nationwide shock that followed should be recognized on their anniversary. The problem, in my opinion, comes when women use it as a rallying cry against men in general or the ever-looming patriarchal monster Marxist-feminists insist on seeing in every gender-incorrect word or situation. (And I

SKI NEW YEARS

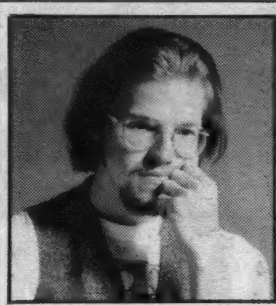
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SF Hayes

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DEATH AND DEPRESSION

A smidgen of a tidbit of a tiny morsel of a little while ago, a couple of people I know revealed to me the secret knowledge that I seldom seem happy to them. This in itself didn't surprise me, but after I received the same comment over and over again, I had to figure it must be true. After all, thirty people can't be wrong about something like this, especially when half of them wear lab coats and nametags, have Ph.D. certificates and call me their "Patient." I soon found that my whole body was trembling. I was trembling from the truth of it all! "My God!" I thought. "How can this be? How did I get so unhappy? Why am I depressed all the time? Where did I go wrong?" I decided there and then to trace out cursorily my entire life to see if I could pinpoint the problem. Its vitality was evident.

Right from the beginning, I was destined to have a life of melancholy. As a fetus, I cannot recall anything. However, I do know one thing that my mother told me. She said that about halfway through her pregnancy with me, she was walking through our house and tripped on something. She fell down a flight of stairs, a total of 19 steps. One of my psychologists did an analysis on this event and later explained to me, and I quote, "That must have hurt you in the head

somethin' fierce, I should think, maybe."

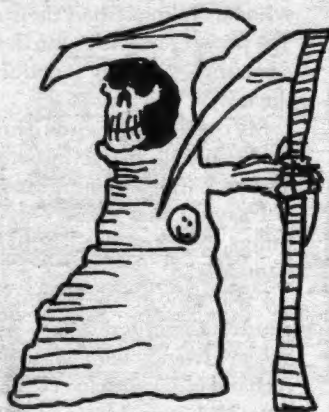
Then I was born. I remember my parents explaining to me that I was born in a hospital without a doctor present. He arrived 5 minutes too late. When he got there, instead of holding me up by my ankles and slapping my bum like he was supposed to do, he held me up by my wrists and slapped my face. My parents were shocked and demanded of him an answer to why he had struck the wrong structure. He replied, "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought it was his bum I had slapped. I couldn't tell the difference I guess."

For the most part my early years were spent in ignorant childhood bliss while my older brother practiced giving me tattoos with Crayola felt markers. Often he would sell me off to the neighbourhood kids so that he could make more money with which to buy comic books. It was usually only a few days before my parents realized that I was gone. They'd get me back soon after that. Whenever they brought me home, they'd kiss me and hug me and tell me how much they loved me, and then they'd dress me up in pink frilly girl clothes.

Even early on, you could tell that my psychological development was a little abnormal. I would never say very much at school except when I was first spoken to, in which

case my response was always "Be-ware of the Lobster Man." Because of this, I received more than my fair share of weird looks and snide comments.

I had only one friend for the first couple of years of school. He was a boy a year older than me and I never really liked him very much. The first time I met him was when I was riding my tricycle down the



street and he pushed me off of it as he was walking in the other direction. Our friendship didn't get much better from there. He had a way of getting on your nerves. My brother became so annoyed with him once that he punched my friend hard enough to make him fall down. I thought he was dead. I was so upset that I ran across the street and threw up in someone's backyard. He wasn't dead of course but I always exaggerate things.

In 1981, my family moved into a

house that was constructed as a duplicate of the house from the Amityville Horror. It was very distressing for me to move. The first boy I befriended was a kid known around the school as "Stinkbomb." Apparently, he smelled bad. Nobody liked him. He led me to believe that his parents owned a rare coin worth \$100,000. That was a lie but I'm gullible. He could have told me that his 14-year old sister built the Eiffel Tower and I would have believed it.

Yes, I know I've always been terribly naive and also that I've had the misfortune to have several friends who enjoyed taking advantage of it. Like that guy in junior high school who had me convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that your voice only started going deeper if you thought about sex a lot. This brought me much shame since I hardly thought about sex but I couldn't stop my voice from changing.

I've never had much luck with school. In Grade 6, my friends and I were so unpopular that we decided to form a Nerd Club just to let everybody else know that we had accepted our clique.

In Grade 9, I had been a fairly decent student but the Gods of Administration registered me in the reject class. This was a group of teenagers who cared not one Plutonian iota about learning, except for me. Therefore, I was placed on a pedestal for public ridicule by my peers for a year. As if being in constant fear for my life from the 20 other headbangers and delinquents in my class wasn't enough, I had to do my homework in the same room as those hormonally-charged noisemakers as well. I've been bitter about this a long time but now I'm pleased to hear that some of them are doing well for themselves—in jail.

In Grade 12, I started going out with a girl who was two years my junior. She was my first girlfriend. It didn't last very long unfortunately, only about 3 or 4 months. When we broke up, she told me that she liked me a lot but she thought that I was gay and she couldn't handle that kind of pressure. This struck me as odd since I've had many people mistake me as such. I could not understand why.

Then I realized that my parents were still dressing me in those pink frilly girl clothes, and that must have been where the misconception occurred.

Now that I've spent a few full years dressing like a man, I feel it's high time I came out of the closet:

I'm male, I'm heterosexual, and I don't care who knows it. Geez, maybe that's why I was picked on by all of those rednecks in my life.

I'm in my fourth year of university and my second faculty now. And yet I feel like I don't fit in.

I've never really lived as far as I'm concerned. Growing up in an ultra-conservative town has made me so anal retentive that I haven't had a bowel movement in three years. There are a lot of things I've always wanted to do but never have.

My God! I'm a 21-year old virgin who has never even gotten drunk. No wonder I'm always depressed. I worry about everything: school, work, toenails, women, life, raisins, money, death, everything. Oh, I suppose I don't worry so much about my own death, the actual act of dying, I just worry about what comes after. I'm not afraid of dying because I died once about 5 years ago. My heart had stopped and I wasn't breathing. I was dead for a minute but I came back because I've always had a sense of humour.

My family has always been sensitive when broaching the subject of death to me. I remember back in the early '80s, I had not seen a close family member for a few weeks. During a Sunday supper family gathering I had asked where he was. At this, my parents looked quizzically at each other and whispered "I thought you told him," "I thought you did," "That would explain why he wasn't at the funeral." "Son," my dad said, "I'm sorry. He's dead. Now eat your beans and stop asking all these questions."

Being depressed all the time did make me suicidal a few times but I was never motivated enough about it to make a serious go of it. My suicide attempts consisted of trying to dream about falling off a cliff. I heard that was supposed to work. It doesn't.

In a way, I'm glad I didn't kill myself. I'm still young and I've got a bunch of fantastically average friends whose problems are ten times more insipid than mine. They usually make me feel better and I love them dearly. There is still a chance for me to survive in the world. I couldn't pinpoint my problem but I might have a solution. My only hope is that there is some truth to the Imipramine Myth: an antidepressant a day makes the problems of the world go away.

As a sidenote, I do have one friend who says I'm appealing. Maybe that's a euphemism but it's enough for me to put my chin up and want to keep living.

THE SNAKES OF CHRISTMAS!



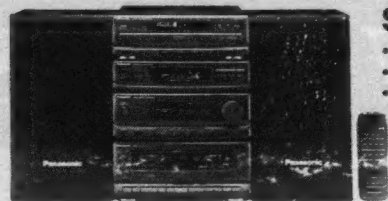
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Merry Christmas to everyone out there, especially the mysterious women who keep on sending me notes. You make my life wothwhile. That's right, wothwhile!

ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Editor Dave Johnston 492-7052



An overview of the year in entertainment and other things that are entertaining to people, compiled by the staff at the GATEWAY and other people with nothing better to do but listen to music, watch TV, and go to movies.

The Best of 1993



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The Best of 1993



A List of Albums I Thought Were Really Good by Dave Johnston, aged 24 1/2.

1. Bob Geldof, *The Happy Club* (PolyGram)—My favourite recording for some time. Chickens and all.
2. Doughboys, *Crush* (A&M)—The best thing they have ever done. Makes you feel good to be alive.
3. Violent Femmes, *Add It Up* (1981-1993) (Warner)—If you don't have this, please buy it. Do yourself a favour. Ask for it for Christmas.
4. Philip Glass/David Bowie/Brian Eno, *Low Symphony* (Point)—Wow, man.
5. Liz Phair, *Exile in Guyville* (Matador)—Tearful joy.
6. Smashing Pumpkins, *Siamese Dream* (Virgin)—The perfect complement to a quiet evening of love and Nirvana.
7. Forbidden Dimension, *Sin Gallery* (Cargo)—This is what Romero would sound like if he did zombie musicals.
8. Sting, *Ten Summoner's Tales* (A&M)—This guy could shit a good album. This is the best thing he has ever done.
9. Bob's Your Uncle, *Cages* (Zulu)—Best album cover. The music is even better.
10. King Apparatus, *Marbles* (Raw Energy)—I stsggh ...stillbbghbcbh ...bouncing...arrrff...around....dhj...

ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE

The Police, *Message in A Box* (A&M)—Impressive. SOOOO GOOD.
 Buffalo Tom, *Big Red Letter Day* (Beggars' Banquet)—They were on a compilation once, and I liked them then. I like them more now.
 I also liked three plays, *Escape From Happiness* and *Sight Unseen* (both by Phoenix Theatre) and the Fringe production of David Belke's show, *Blackpool and Parrish*.
 That's all. Merry Christmas.

smashing pumpkins • siamese dream



The Definitive Top Ten Album List of 1993, courtesy of Craig Elliott, Music knowitall, CJSR.

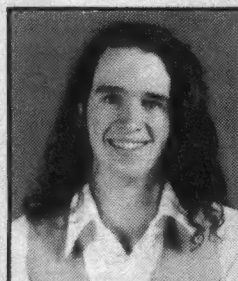
1. Joe Henry, *Kindness of the World* (Mammoth)
2. Bettie Serveert, *Palomine* (Matador)
3. Liz Phair, *Exile in Guyville* (Matador)
4. Hazel, *Toeador of Love* (Sub Pop)
5. PJ Harvey, *Rid of Me*, (Island)
6. Seam, *The Problem With Me* (Touch and Go)
7. Uncle Tupelo, *Anodyne* (Sire)
8. Afghan Whigs, *Gentlemen* (Elektra)
9. Superchunk, *On The Mouth* (Matador)
10. Buffalo Tom, *Big Red Letter Day* (Beggars' Banquet)

Questions? Ask someone else. I'm busy. Differences of opinion? Too fucking bad. You're wrong.



Top Ten Groovy Things Until Today by Jason Cobb

1. *The Mission*—film art at its finest
2. Kerouac—nothing to say
3. The Waterboys, *Fisherman's Blues*
4. *The Piano*—revitalizing
5. *Until the End of The World*—film and soundtrack
6. ee cummings—worms are words but joy's the voice
7. The curve of a woman's back
8. H. Keitel, T. Roth, J. Jason-Leigh—goat singers
9. Coppola, Scorsese, Altman, Tarantino—cathartic
10. The Hip
11. Pens, trees, and transportation



Top Ten Gigs I've Seen in 1993

by Barb Beres

1. In-Fest '93
2. Doughboys w/ Redd Kross and Minstrel on Speed
3. ALL with My Name and The Lemons
4. Bad Brains
5. (tie) Sloan, King Apparatus
6. Forbidden Dimension w/ Subworm Feeders
7. Smalls w/ Process, Unsound, and The Last Wild Sons
8. Sineater
9. Kathleen Yearwood w/ Subworm Feeders
10. Highwood '93

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 11 am - 10 pm



The Best of 1993

ATUL'S LISTY THING

Eight entertaining things this year

1. Beating Chris Woo 8-7 at video hockey in a full Gateway office after being down 6-2 and his subsequent spaz; "There's girls in the room, I can't play with girls in the room."
2. Seeing *The Fugitive* and *Apocalypse Now* at the Paramount. Nothing beats a classic movie in a theatre with a big screen, big seats and having your feet feel like they've been arc welded to the floor.
3. Hitting baseballs out of the McKernan school diamond, across 76th avenue and over the house across the street at the with Steve Yi's steroid bat.
4. Full bottles of Crown Royal, Glenmorangie, Johnnie Walker and Jack Daniels.
5. The Guns and Roses concert, especially my buddy smoking someone on the floor in the head with a frisbee from 15 rows up.
6. Ripping a hole in a nylon mesh net with a slapshot in ball hockey and watching my friend stare at it for 5 minutes.
7. Watching *A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few*

Dollars More and *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly* all in a row. Real movies, not the pablum they feed us nowadays.

8. The George Thorgood concert. Almost made me get a haircut and get a real job, but not quite.

Atul's top twelve songs to listen to in your car when tearing home at 80 miles an hour at 2 A.M.

1. "Wearing and Tearing," Led Zeppelin
2. "Shut' Em Down," Public Enemy
3. "Authority Song," John Mellencamp
4. "Paint it Black," Rolling Stones
5. "I Drink Alone," George Thorgood
6. "Holiday in Cambodia," Dead Kennedys
7. "Emotion Blue," Red Rider
8. "Prophets of Rage," Public Enemy
9. "Hard to Handle," Black Crowes
10. "Gimme Shelter," Rolling Stones
11. "Down on the Corner," CCR
12. (Tie) "Achilles Last Stand," Led Zeppelin

"One of These Days," Pink Floyd



Fish Griwkowsky



Don Moore, Manager of the Power Plant

TOP 10 ALBUMS

1. Smashing Pumpkins, *Siamese Dream*
2. Urge Overkill, *Saturation*
3. U2, *Zooropa*
4. Cranberries, *Everyone Else Is Doing It*
5. Pearl Jam, *Vs.*
6. Various Artists, *Sweet Relief*
7. Nirvana, *In Utero*
8. PJ Harvey, *Rid Of Me*
9. Paul Westerberg, *14 Songs*
10. two rereleases—Elvis Costello, *21/2 Years*, The Clash, *SuperBlackmarket Clash*

TOP 5 GIGS (In No Particular Order)

1. Another Roadside Attraction, Clarke Stadium
2. Pearl Jam/Cadillac Tramps, Convention Centre
3. Guns N' Roses/Brian May, Coliseum
4. Leonard Cohen, Jubilee Auditorium
5. Lowest of the Low/Dig Circus, Power Plant



Kevin Gulayets

The Top Ten Gigs I've Seen This Year



by Gerry Stoll, Entertainment Manager of the SU

1. John Hiatt at Dinwoodie last month
2. Soul Asylum at Dinwoodie, not because they played well but that we were able to make it happen; you wouldn't believe the political heat on us when it was finally confirmed. Their Vancouver show at the Commodore was better. They weren't so tired.
3. Holly Cole Trio performing with a 17 piece symphony orchestra at Vancouver's Vogue Theatre in November.
4. The Kronos Quartet in Horowitz in January. You had to be there.
5. Another Roadside Attraction. I was really impressed with the Hothouse Flowers. The tour end party after was a gas; especially since I beat Terry Evans of The BEAR at pool!!!
6. Peter Gabriel at the Calgary Saddledome in July. What a production!
7. 54-40 at Dinwoodie in February. They kicked, again.
8. Sarah McLachlan at the Jubilee in November. Huge Fan support...and she returns again in April.
9. Doughboys, Redd Kross, and Minstrels On Speed at Dinwoodie in September. A great package.
10. WOWAPALOOZA. The Watchmen, The Rhinos, Hardrock Miners, and Ramseys Soul Revival...the best deal for nine dollars AND LRT included. The best WOW dance ever...The Watchmen are the next Hip.

I am Fish and this is my list. Enjoy it and know that it is mine.

Best con. InFest. Dancing and in love. The crowd melts away all barriers.

Best Con. That would have to be my Dad, Con Griwkowsky.

Best job. Building Bins, the Steel Sentinels of the Prairies.

Best album. My twenty-eighth photo collection.

Best music albums. Sonic Youth's *Dirty* and U2's *Zooropa*. Babyface...

Saddest moment. Realizing that I'd finally lost her...

Happiest moment. Mastering condom use. Look out, world!

Best roommate. Stephen Notley.

Worst roommate. Stephen Notley.

Satisfaction. That the Fish-Harpy war finally ended. For now...

Best songs. Add it up (Violent Femmes), Smells Like Teen Spirit (Tori Amos), Goofy's Revenge (Butthole Surfers), and I Need a Chick (DEVO).

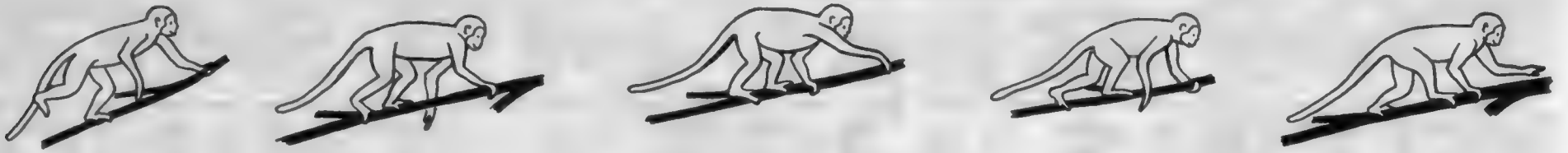
Best and worst Dinwoodie gigs. Skydiggers and Soul Asylum (sorry, world).

Biggest regret. The '92-'93 Gateway going down in flames.

Oddest thing. As the year closes, I find myself comfortable. Things are, as always, going to work out fine, self-destruct, and work out fine again. Party naked.

The Billiard Club

105 st & Whyte Ave



MONKEY FUN

Aren't monkeys fun? We think so, and so do you. But have you ever really wondered what monkeys are all about? Here is our work. Here is our life. Please, enjoy it.

by Fish Griwkowsky

As I sat in the tub the other night, I thought, "Say, wouldn't it be great to know all about monkeys?" I put on my thinking cap and towed off my back as I headed to the phone. I picked up the little devil and dialed my roommate's number. Hm. Busy.

I sat on the couch watching lonely man's movies for a bit, my mind still abuzz with salivating curiosity. I wondered if monkeys could sing. And if they could, what sort of thing they would sing. And if they sung a fine singing thing, what pleasure it would bring. Or if it would just sound like shit.

Back to the phone I leaped. I dialed those seven magic numbers again, which I won't tell you. Busy.

Crud.

I put on some clothes and slipped on my galoshes. My slacks needed ironing, and more obviously washing, but they would have to do. I brushed my teeth and poked at my earwax build-up. I picked up the phone and dialed the numbers fast as hell hoping to surprise the phone line and get through and talk to my roommate—

Busy.

Damn. So I turned around and knocked on his door.

"What?"

"Say, Stephen," I asked in this imaginary dialogue, "have you ever really wondered about monkeys?"

"Go away."

Later on, more rooted in reality, me and three friends hopped into a car and did the driving thang. Steve was there, as was Brad the Van Technician, and Campus Ninja au-

thor, Peter K. Pachal. We were already a bit late, but we arrived sure enough at the moat gates to the Valley Zoo.

It was very cold and our breath danced in clouds before our eyes. I had forgotten my scarf. A wolf looked curiously on from behind his cage.

After about ten minutes of standing in the cold, we drove around to the right exit and immediately were given a courteous personal tour of the Primate section. You shoulda seen the guys! They were swinging around and making funny noises. One of them was eating something off of the floor. I guess they were as excited as I was to see the monkeys.

The first monkey we saw had big floppy ears and a long tail which he had tucked between his legs. A tiny baby of his kind peeked out of his pouch. The nice tour lady said that he was called Wallaby, which is a kind of monkey I had never heard of. They didn't really do much, but I think one of them wanted a banana. It's just a feeling I had, you know, like in animal movies when dogs get people to rescue kids from fires and such.

The next kind we saw were real swingers. Gibbons two swang furiously around their pen. With the accuracy of Spiderman they madly leaped around the windowed cage. I wonder if they have some sort of Spider-sense or something. Although I guess you'd call it Monkey-sense. Or perhaps they shoot rays out of their heads to see where they are going. I don't fucking know. Of course, I was in a zoo, so I could have asked, but I got a little shy after I asked "Do monkeys sing songs?" and was answered with "No."

We also saw some Capuchins. They were cool. In the old days, and in Bugs Bunny cartoons which mother says aren't real, such monkeys as these were regularly seen grinding organs, saying "eep-eep." One of them grabbed a coconut and climbed to the top of his cage, some ten feet up. He hurled it to its destruction, but it just kind of bounced sadly, remaining intact. Eep-eep. The monkey looked over at us, sort of ashamed and flew off in another direction.

Tiny yellow squirrel monkeys darted about their treed pen. They seemed like fractals, spreading themselves all over their microcosm. I could never tell which one was which, although the zookeeper informed us that one of them was actually a dwarf squirrel monkey. That's almost too many nouns at once, although "dwarf" is really an adjective. I think that maybe some of the monkeys think that they're in the CIA and that we people are, like, Russian spies. They should probably have been thinking more about their smell, because I sure was.



This Capuchin Monkey displays his tongue for fun.

I was then allowed in the lemur cage. Say, isn't that the name of Meatloaf's new single. "Yeah bayyy-be... I'm allowwwwwed in the lemur cage! There's some free donuts and all your love!" Oh God I'm tired.

Anyway, I took a bunch of photos and got to meet the 'mates. The lemurs were very pleasant, coming right up to me saying "gruh-gruh-gruh-REEEEEEEE!" I have no idea what that meant, however. One of the squirrel monkeys tried to urinate on me, so I gave him the evil eye and he scampered away. The Capuchin male seemed excited by my presence, screaming and smashing his hands against the glass. This sort of totally scared the shit out of me. Monkeys rule. The gibbons just kept on swinging in circles around their cage. Their mad, never-ending race was almost hypnotic to watch, which is probably why I stepped in gibbon poo. Yuk!

We saw elephants too, but they aren't really monkeys, so I'll save the story of why Steve Notley has a giant, circular depression on his forehead for another time. All in all,

the Valley Zoo was very nice to us. They assured me about my biggest concern, "What do monkeys do on Christmas?"

I guess some guy comes in and gives them food just like any other day. Sort of dispels the idea of monkeys having any organized religion, but I'd rather not worry about the Monkey Antichrist coming soon, anyway.

Monkeys is good. Monkeys is great. I ain't never seen no monkey masturbate.



Makin' out.



Simulated Zoo visit photo.

La Presse

Décembre 1993

ACTIVE

VOLUME 8 NUMÉRO 2

Joyeux Noël

Editorial



Par Gary Papillon, Rédacteur en chef

Presse Active, la différence

Comparés à ce que nous devons être, nous ne sommes qu'à demi éveillés. Nous possédons en nous toutes sortes de trésors que nous laissons cachés et nous n'utilisons qu'une faible partie de nos ressources mentales et physiques. D'une manière générale, nous vivons en deçà de nos possibilités.

En se jetant dans l'univers, en y souffrant et en y luttant, l'homme se définit et se crée peu à peu par opposition aux autres hommes. Ceux que nous nommons nos semblables, ont pour première utilité de nous démontrer que nous ne leur

ressemblons pas. Par conséquent, c'est dans la mesure où nous ne sommes pas eux, où nous sommes nous; c'est parce que nous nous heurtons au monde que le monde existe et que nous existons. D'autre part, nous savons que nous existons parce que nous pensons. Un simple rappel : "Penser au lendemain, c'est faire de la philosophie."

Par conséquent, l'homme se demande si la vie a un sens et qu'est-ce qu'il fallait faire pour employer au maximum ses possibilités personnelles d'affirmation. L'honnêteté pour celui qui a compris l'absurdité de ce monde ne

suite page 3

Juste une pensée



Par Paul Klassen

Je le vois partout! L'autre jour je suis rentré dans les toilettes des hommes ici à la Faculté et j'ai vu quelque chose d'assez intéressant: «Patriotisme et Nationalisme...deux ismes à ne pas exagérer!» J'ai trouvé ça comique que quelqu'un avait décidé de s'exprimer philosophiquement dans une salle de toilettes. Alors en réponse à la personne qui a écrit ces mots d'inspirations dans les toilettes 067: «Écris plutôt pour

la Presse Active, tu auras plus de lecteurs, au lieu de t'exprimer pour une certaine élite qui utilise cette cabine (celle dans le milieu pour être exact). Peut-être voulais-tu juste t'exprimer vis-à-vis les profs qui utilisent ces toilettes; ou possiblement es-tu un professeur ici, Histoire? Philosophie? Canadien-Français? Linguistique? Science Politique? Qui sait?

Grosso modo-Vous auriez pu vous exprimer ici! Vous n'avez même pas



Où j'ai trouvé les mots d'inspirations.

besoin de laisser votre nom!

Un autre cas fort intéressant...Le salon des étudiants...plus particulièrement le tableau. Là j'ai vu de beaux dessins, des sentiments non-fumeurs, des contre-attaques pour les

fumeurs et ça n'arrête pas là!

Je vais débiter le débat...Les fumeurs ont tous le droit de fumer où ça leur plaît et ils devraient avoir le droit de fumer partout à la Faculté Saint-Jean car c'est une institution française!

Tous les vrais francophones fument bien sûr!

Voilà...je viens juste de publier mon opinion 13,000 fois dans une publication qui est distribuée partout à Edmonton! Comprenez-vous? C'est facile!

COURRIER DES LECTEURS

L'opinion de nos lecteurs est la bienvenue sous cette rubrique. Faites nous parvenir vos lettres, articles, commentaires, etc..., à
La PresseActive, Faculté Saint-Jean
8406-Rue Marie-Anne Gaboury, Edmonton T6C 4G9 Local 040

Chère Tante Johanne
Comme tu le sais, Noël arrive à grands pas. Est-ce que tu pourrais me faire une liste de suggestions de cadeaux pour mes nombreux amis ?
Père Noël.

Cher Père Noël,
C'est avec un immense plaisir que je te prépare cette petite liste de suggestions. Les cadeaux ne seront peut-être pas ce qu'ils attendent, mais ils leur seront probablement plus utiles.
- Pour tes amis de la Faculté Saint-Jean, étudiants en Arts, je propose un abonnement à TV Hebdo. Ils pourront ainsi mieux planifier leurs soirées

d'études. De plus s'ils sont en quatrième année, tu pourrais toujours leur donner des formulaires de demandes d'emplois du restaurant McDonald.

- Pour tes amis "Fans" des Stampers de Clagary, une grosse boîte de Kleenex.

- Pour tes amis, "Fans" des Flammes de Calgary, deux boîtes de Kleenex, ils en auront sûrement besoin au mois d'avril.

- Pour les joueurs des Oilers d'Edmonton, de balles de golf flambant neuves. Ils en auront besoin très tôt cette année en-

core.

- Pour Ralph Klein, un gros nez rouge et une perruque. Il se trouvera beaucoup plus facilement un emploi de clown à la fin de son mandat.

- Pour le beau jeune homme qui porte des lycras noirs et un sac à dos bleu qui sort de la résidence, chaque jour pour aller courir, un beau petit déshabillé avec moi à l'intérieur.

- Pour ta chère Tante Johanne, une Mercedes 500 SL Noire. Joyeux Noël, chers lecteurs et lectrices. Surtout, n'oubliez pas qu'un peu d'humour fait

toujours du bien.

Chère Tante Johanne,
Je suis un jeune homme timide qui n'a pas beaucoup de succès avec les femmes. Est-ce que vous pourriez me donner quelques conseils qui me seraient utiles lors de mes recherches?
Ti-Guy.

Cher Ti-Guy,
Si je comprends bien, ton problème est que tu es en manque de sexe. Il y a beaucoup de petites choses que tu peux

faire qui augmentent tes chances de succès. Voici les principales :

Débarasse-toi de ta casquette de base-ball et peigne ce qui te reste de cheveux.

- Rase ton petit duvet de canard, tu leur donneras ainsi l'impression d'être encore plus viril.

- Ne porte plus de linge qui semble sortir tout droit d'une émission de Star Trek.

- Brosse tes dents au moins une fois par semaine.

- Tu dois accepter que les femmes ont **toujours** raison, même si ce n'est pas vrai.

- Les femmes aiment bien recevoir de **beaux** compliments tel que "vous avez de très jolis yeux", les impressions du genre "Hé Bébé, t'as de belles jambes et de belles fesses" ne sont pas du tout recommandés.

Si ces conseils ne te sont pas utiles, tu pourras toujours avoir recours aux grands moyens.

- Achète une Honda Shadow 750 car les femmes aiment bien faire de la moto. De plus, tu te rendras rapidement compte que la moto est habituellement plus intéressante que les "dates".

- En cas de dernier recours, tu peux toujours aller à la résidence, tu y trouveras sûrement plusieurs femmes désespérées prêtes à sauter au cou du premier petit con qui passe dans les alentours.

Bonne chasse et surtout n'oublie pas de toujours porter un petit condom.

le chauffeur a arrêté l'autobus pile et a commandé aux filles animées de descendre. C'est un long et brutalement froid trajet au Power Plant.

Il y avait une queue au Power Plant. On a aperçu trois beaux hommes-... QUEL

BONHEUR!!! En pensant qu'on était séduisante, on les a parlé. Soudainement, Villager ne peut se retenir et "rejette par la bouche d'une manière spasmodique" sur les nouveaux 175\$ souliers Doc Martens, de son nouveau "chum". (Dans ses rêves, la folle!) Dégoûtés, les hommes s'enfuient de ces filles si saoules et désespérées. Quelle vue pitoyable! Villager s'essuyait la bouche avec la chemise de Miner. Oui, c'est vrai que le vomi était parti, mais l'odeur restait toujours.... et la musique entrain dans

suite page 6

Point n'est besoin de dire que lorsqu'on parle de

violence conjugale on pense toujours à un homme en train de maltraiter une femme. La plupart des actes violents sont commis par les hommes. On peut comparer le genre masculin à une hiérarchie qui inclut les positions sociales, le prestige, et le pouvoir, et l'homme cherche toujours à en accaparer encore plus., et il ne peut le montrer qu'en commettant des actes violents à l'endroit de la femme.

La violence est partout dans notre société et il faut bien à un certain moment donné qu'on se décide si c'est une norme qu'on veut garder. Nous-mêmes peut-être connaissons quelqu'un qui se fait battre. Si on pense à l'aspect historique du point de vue chrétien, quand Dieu a créé l'homme et la femme, il a créé Eve à partir de la côte d'Adam donc au début même de la création et de la coexistence, la femme est considérée comme étant une

La tribune aux femmes

Document

La violence conjugale

que de satisfaire son mari puisqu'il incarnait l'autorité dans la famille, mais la société actuelle a-t-elle essayé de changer cette façon de penser ? Une question qu'on se pose est : "Si une femme ne se sent pas confortable en ayant, disons le sexe oral ou le sexe anal est-ce que c'est un viol ; si une femme ne consent pas à une certaine forme de sexe, est-ce que son mari a le droit de l'y obliger, de la forcer ?"

Certains pensent que oui, parce qu'une femme doit avant tout donner du plaisir à son mari tandis que d'autres pensent que c'est purement du viol.

En fait, à partir du moment où une femme dit "NON" pour n'importe quelle raison et que son mari la force physiquement ou verbalement, ceci devient

? Pourquoi a-t-on des lois qu'on peut renforcer sans que la victime ne soit obligée de se défendre et d'être doublement victime, par conséquent ! Même lorsqu'elle poursuit son agresseur en justice, au tribunal on lui fait comprendre en quelque sorte que c'est elle qui a commis le crime. Donc, la loi protège les criminels.

D'autre part, la société pense qu'une femme qui ne voulait pas être battue ou violée avait toujours la possibilité de partir. Mais où est-ce qu'une femme en détresse, traquée peut retrouver la paix d'esprit ?

A bien y penser, on a toujours tendance à établir un lien entre violence conjugale et l'aspect physique seulement parce que les "bleus" sont visibles. Mais, qu'advient-il des aspects émotif, psychologique qui en sont aussi des résultantes. Cause mentale, il ne pourrait y en avoir, diront les loustics, puisqu'il n'y a pas de preuves. L'abus et la violence peuvent être verbaux aussi. C'est encore le même cercle vicieux, l'homme qui se laisse emporter, commet des actes violents et la femme se laisse convaincre combien il est désolé ; puis l'abus revient en force et aboutit parfois à la mort de l'épouse ou de la concubine.

En dépit de tout, la violence conjugale est toujours omniprésente dans la vie quotidienne, mais, malheureusement elle n'est pas toujours connue, rendue publique. La société en général ne se rend pas compte de l'ampleur du phénomène ou encore joue à l'autruche, la tête enfouie dans le sable. En proclamant l'égalité des genres, on arrivera un jour à éliminer le mythe de l'homme super-puissant et maître absolu versus la femme qui n'est rien d'autre qu'un simple objet.

"Selon la bible, la femme appartient à l'homme et n'a point de droits".

possession de l'homme. Qu'une femme soit vue comme une possession, signifie qu'elle est une esclave et dans le passé, les esclaves étaient maltraités. Une femme devait nécessairement faire ce que l'homme voulait parce qu'elle n'était pas une personne, par conséquent les hommes utilisent la violence pour leur montrer qu'elles sont des êtres inférieurs.

Au dix-septième siècle, quand deux personnes s'unissaient, le mariage était un consentement aux rapports sexuels. Pendant ce temps, l'homme pouvait commettre n'importe quel acte violent et il n'était absolument pas coupable. (Le raison de base est que la femme n'était pas vue comme une personne jusqu'en 1929.)

La femme n'avait d'autre choix

automatiquement du viol et l'on est unanime à admettre que le mot clé qui définit la violence est la "force", donc NON veut dire NON.

A qui incombe la faute lorsqu'une femme est violée ou battue ? La société, d'une manière générale a une opinion assez arrêtée à ce sujet. Par exemple, la conception qui veut que lorsqu'une femme a subi un viol, elle a provoqué l'attaque par son habillement ou ses actions, mais ceci, en fait, n'explique pas l'acte criminel commis. Au contraire, l'agresseur choisit sa victime parmi les personnes qui se montrent les plus vulnérables. Par conséquent, sans le support de sa famille et de la société, une femme violée tend toujours à se blâmer. Mais, peut-on se demander vraiment, à qui revient la faute ? La femme ou la loi

Cet espace publicitaire est réservé pour
votre entreprise

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au 465 - 2872

Vol d'autos, de mal en pire

De Gary Papillon

Un dimanche soir, aussi ennuyant que tous les autres d'ailleurs. Rien de spécial à la télévision. Il faisait beaucoup trop froid pour se permettre une petite ballade dans le parc voisin. C'est vraiment le genre de soirée qu'on aime et déteste en même temps. Les dissertations, on s'en fout complètement à ce moment-là. Je n'ai pas d'autre choix que revenir vers la télévision.

Chaîne 24 et Bingo ! Quelque chose d'effrayable et d'intéressant ! Un fait divers comme tous les autres.

J'ai été consterné d'apprendre jusqu'à quel point la criminalité juvénile a augmenté au Canada. Les chiffres sont tellement effrayants que je ne peux me permettre de les citer afin d'éviter que nos ami(e)s se voient alors dans l'obligation de dormir dans leur auto. Mais pour le lecteur avisé et qui n'avait pas eu la chance ou encore le malheur de regarder la télévision à ce moment-là, je fais une exception. Les faits sont les suivants: seulement dans le courant de la matinée du vendredi 19 novembre 1993, soit le mois dernier, 23 automobiles ont été volées à Winnipeg et ceci dans l'espace d'une matinée par des jeunes âgés de 15 à 17 ans.

La question que je me suis posée est celle que tout individu sensé se posera: Comment va-t-on s'y prendre pour arrêter tout cela?

Généralement, il est facile de regarder les nouvelles internationales à la télévision, de regarder avec un certain dédain (!) la criminalité est montée en flèche aux États-Unis et l'on ne se sentait pas du tout concerné puisque tout ceci se passait hors de nos frontières. Mais maintenant, les données ne sont plus ce qu'elles étaient avant puisque l'action se passe dans notre arrière-cour. Elle n'est pas encore rendue dans notre salon ou dans notre

Bientôt, on sera obligé de dormir dans notre auto

chambre à coucher, mais de Winnipeg à Edmonton, on peut aisément couvrir la distance en une dizaine d'heures, en auto et encore moins en avion et dans un avenir pas très lointain on y fera face aussi. Le problème existe déjà ici, mais il n'est pas aussi grave.

Donc, l'on revient à l'inévitable question: Qu'est-ce qu'on va faire?

Je ne suis pas politicien, et encore moins sociologue, aux propos reconnus et recherchés. Mais il n'en demeure pas moins que je suis aussi concerné que le commun des mortels.

Des solutions, il en existe toujours. Tout problème, généralement amène avec lui sa propre solution. La question, maintenant est de savoir jusqu'où on peut aller pour arriver à nos fins. Nous aimerions que les statistiques

descendent un peu plus bas ou du moins plafonnent à un certain niveau. Mais sommes-nous disposés à en payer le prix. Des possibilités, il en existe des dizaines, mais pour ne pas trop nous compliquer l'existence, nous allons considérer seulement deux approches.

La première est de demander au système judiciaire actuel d'être plus sévère envers ces jeunes délinquants. C'est donc une arme à double tranchant parce que le fait de sévir plus durement pourra toujours amener ces jeunes à s'enfoncer

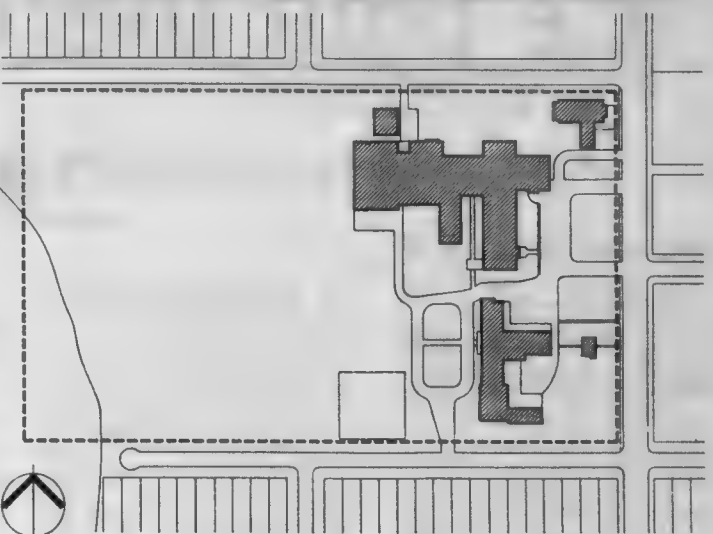
un peu plus dans ce monde fou de la violence et l'espoir de les retrouver le lendemain est donc sans issue. La loi, telle qu'elle existe actuellement leur donne seulement une chiquenaude et ils s'en fichent complètement puisque la peine n'est pas du tout sévère vu qu'ils s'en tirent généralement à si bon compte. Comment punir sans pour autant les enfoncer davantage dans ce marécage ou les pousser encore plus vite dans le cercle vicieux du crime.

L'absence d'autorité parentale est donc un autre facteur avec lequel on pourra toujours essayer de jouer. Les lois telles qu'elles sont maintenant interdisent les fessées. Par conséquent, on ne punit plus un enfant corporellement, mais il est plus "politiquement correct" de l'envoyer dans sa chambre quelques heures et hop, un petit "désolé 'pa'" le tour est joué. Le manque d'autorité parentale apprend donc à un jeune qu'il

"Les dix huit premières années sont les plus à vivre", nous a confié un parent

n'a absolument rien à craindre puisqu'aussi grave soit un acte, la punition n'ira pas plus loin qu'un simple confinement dans sa chambre pour quelques heures. Cette absence d'autorité est transférée et appliquée d'une manière générale dans la vie courante et on se retrouve avec de tels maux. Opinion apparemment paradoxale, pas du tout intouchable et surtout aisément réfutable, mais partagée par les Néo-Canadiens. L'autre possibilité donc, est de donner aux parents beaucoup plus de pouvoirs, d'autoriser légalement les punitions corporelles. Mais quand on regarde les statistiques des dernières années, on ne peut s'empêcher de crier "au massacre, à un retour dans l'âge de la pierre taillée". Considérons seulement, que sous la loi actuelle nombre d'enfants et de jeunes se sont faits presque démolir le portrait par leurs propres parents; donc cette possibilité devrait être écartée d'emblée. Le fait d'adoucir cette loi ne laissera-t-il pas en-

\$ 6 millions à la Faculté Saint-Jean

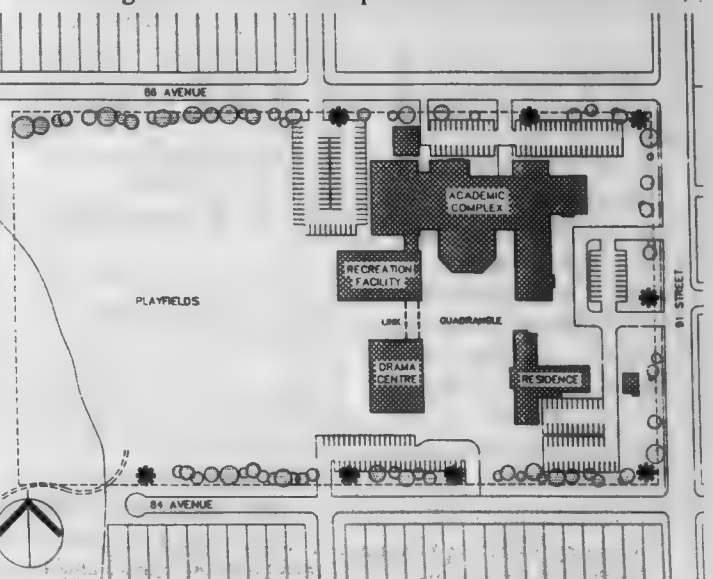


La faculté Saint-Jean, comme elle est

Lorsque la Presse Active rencontre le doyen de la Faculté Saint-Jean, M. Jean-Antoine Bour.

La rédaction.

La Faculté Saint-Jean a reçu du gouvernement fédéral un modeste \$6 millions qui seront essentiellement utilisés dans la rénovation et l'aménagement de nouveaux espaces à la Faculté. Initialement,



La Faculté Saint-Jean comme elle devrait être

la Faculté avait planifié un vaste projet de rénovations dont le coût se situerait entre \$14 et \$16 millions. Projet assez ambitieux, mais malheureusement irréalisable. Les coûts sont trop énormes et la conjoncture économique actuelle ne le permet absolument pas. Cependant, mieux vaut avoir \$6 millions que de ne rien en avoir du tout. Des nouvelles priorités ont été définies et la bibliothèque est actuellement en tête de liste. Selon le doyen, on pense réunir le centre de documentation ainsi que la bibliothèque dans un nouvel espace qui n'est pas encore tout à fait défini. A première vue, la salle 040 (la cafétéria) ferait bien l'affaire.

L'espace vacant sera donc reconverti en bureaux pour les professeurs, et les clubs des étudiants qui, jusqu'ici sont disséminés un peu partout, seront tous regroupés dans les nouveaux locaux attenants au Salon des Etudiants.

Les étudiants auront la possibilité de faire valoir leurs opinions.

core plus d'autorité à ces gens dénommés "parents" et qui abusent de petits êtres absolument sans défense.

La société canadienne est ce qu'elle est devenue par la force des lois que des politiciens ont jugé bon de voter dans le passé. J'ai eu la chance d'effectuer un bref survol des lois canadiennes et ma réflexion à la fin fut: c'est la même attitude qu'une vache livrée à elle-même dans la jungle africaine avec deux veaux de lait. Lorsque les hyènes et les chacals attaquent, la mère, pour protéger un de ces petits a dû laisser l'autre à découvert, sans défense et celui-ci finit toujours par se faire dévorer.

On est encore étudiant, je n'en disconviens pas, donc on s'en contre-fiche loyalement mais dans un avenir pas très lointain, les sujets de nos dissertations ne seront plus du tout littéraires,

mais, malheureusement de la sociologie appliquée à la vie ordinaire. Encore un autre problème à résoudre.

Editorial, suite de la page 1

consiste pas à être ce que les autres veulent qu'il soit, mais ce qu'il veut, être lui-même le plus intensément possible et qu'il emploiera au maximum ce laps de temps qui sépare sa naissance de sa mort.

L'homme ne doit plus essayer d'agir, de sentir, de

la mécanique était déjà faussée.

Que signifie le séjour de l'homme dans un enfer de contradictions et de faux-semblants. Si l'on est arrivé à se persuader que la vie est incohérente, limitée dans le temps, l'on doit admettre que la seule façon de vivre

"Le génie est une longue patience", mais une patience organisée, intelligente

penser, de vivre selon les conseils d'un autre. Qu'il soit lui-même de la tête aux pieds.

L'homme se débat au centre d'un chaos. Il sait qu'il lui sera impossible quelque soit son degré d'intelligence de découvrir la justification exacte de sa présence sur la terre. Cette ignorance étant acceptée, il éprouve de l'angoisse devant l'absurdité de sa condition que nul ne saurait lui expliquer en termes humains. En fait, nous ne sommes que ce que nous faisons.

D'autre part, changer de direction, c'est se perdre. Toutes les routes de la vie sont à sens unique. On ne revient pas en arrière. De même, il est impossible de refaire sa vie. On ne peut y apporter que de légères modifications. Légères, car

est de s'y mettre à fond, dans un rythme accéléré. N'être pas délicat, mais goulu. Mettre les bouchées doubles et profiter de toutes les occasions d'affirmer sa vraie nature.

Dans le désarroi d'un monde moderne, à la veille d'un conflit sanglant et confus ou encore à la veille, peut-être d'un choc plus incroyable encore, l'on doit essayer de préserver vaille que vaille les fragiles valeurs de la culture. Toute tâche, même absurde ou encore condamnée, l'homme doit l'accomplir dans l'allégresse car il n'est pas de destin que ne surmonte l'orgueil.

L'homme qui se veut homme doit accepter les servitudes de cet état comme autant d'avantages propres à sa condition.

On aimerait savoir ce que vous pensez de votre
Presse Active !

Le coin des clubs de la Faculté

Saint-Jean

Un message des Copains de la Résidence Faculté Saint-Jean (CRFSJ)

Les copains ont connu leur début en 1988 avec Colleen Rathwell, Claire Dickens et autres résidents qui s'inquiétaient de l'avenir de la résidence. Suite à des recommandations du Housing and Foods Task Force Report, en avril 1992, les copains ont été revitalisés et depuis on devient de plus en plus forts. Nous travaillons pour préserver la résidence. Nous faisons des pressions auprès de Housing & Food Services pour qu'ils ne la détruisent pas. Ils voulaient la fermer et en construire une nouvelle en avant. Cependant nous croyons que cela donnera un bâtiment vide et sans usage. Le Board of Governors va embaucher des consultants qui vont suggérer quoi faire avec la résidence. Il faut que nous soyons entendus! Nous avons besoin de votre appui. Demeurez au courant de nos nouvelles!

Le mot de la S.E.P

Par Elisette Bourget
Nous allons tous devoir faire un plan de leçon ou une unité pour nos cours de curriculum et méthodologie ou d'enseignement pratique. Même chose pour nos stages et plus tard notre salle de classe l'exigera de nous. Pour cette raison, la S.E.P. croit avoir ce qu'il faut pour vous aider. Dans les filières de la S.E.P., vous trouverez des unités de leçon à votre disposition. Vous avez une leçon à donner sur le carnaval de Québec? L'unité de leçon du centre de documentation n'est pas disponible? Ne vous en faites pas, nous l'avons. Nous avons des unités sur l'Afrique, le carnaval de Québec, Noël, l'espace, les sons, la construction d'objets à trois dimensions... De plus, ces plans sont pour

des matières telles que le français, l'hygiène, les études sociales, les mathématiques, et les matières intégrées. Vous trouverez une liste de toutes nos unités sur la porte de la S.E.P. Qu'attendez-vous pour

venir fouiller dans ces trésors? Malgré notre belle sélection, nous aimerions l'améliorer, par conséquent nous avons besoin de votre aide. Nous apprécierions grandement que vous nous apportiez les unités que vous avez

montées afin de pouvoir aider ceux et celles, qui, comme vous, devront enseigner cette matière. Grâce à la collaboration de tous, la S.E.P. peut devenir la meilleure société pour les étudiants, avec beaucoup de services pour ses membres. Vous pouvez faire la différence. La porte vous est toujours ouverte; **venez nous voir.**

Un mot de nos lecteurs

Un ban pour la Presse Active

La Presse Active NOUS a présenté ses fruits de dur labeur, sa deuxième parution de l'année. Grâce à la collaboration de plusieurs personnes qui ont soumis des articles, Doris Michel Montpetit qui les avait corrigés, et à Sunsen Song qui a aidé à réaliser la pagination de ces deux numéros (processus assez compliqué) et particulièrement aux (combien!) valeureux TROIS "SUPER" MOUSQUETAIRES; Gary

Papillon, le rédacteur en chef, l'homme qui a toujours une réponse à tout, même dans les moments les plus difficiles, Simon Dumoulin, le Président le plus actif que la Presse Active n'ait jamais eu et Paul Klassen, l'homme de toutes les situations, qui refuse d'admettre même quand le Rédacteur en chef et le Président en ont pardessus la tête! BRAVO! Comme tout le monde peut le constater d'ailleurs, la qualité de notre journal a grandement amélioré depuis que ces trois

incorruptibles se sont mis à l'oeuvre! Le premier numéro n'était peut-être pas aussi excellent qu'il devrait être, mais nous avons compris que l'excellence est déterminée par la pratique.

Nous, les étudiants et étudiantes de la Faculté, sommes fiers de notre très chère Presse Active et du fond du coeur, nous vous adressons nos sincères remerciements.

Pour ne pas être égoïste, signons donc: Les étudiants et étudiantes de la Faculté Saint-Jean.

Profil d'un confrère étudiant

C'est pour nous un immense plaisir de vous présenter ce mois-ci notre profil étudiant. En effet, comme il nous fallait un sujet, disons, authentique. Le choix fut difficile puisque la plupart des étudiants sont "uniques" (terme très poli). Il nous en fallait un, vraiment hors de l'ordinaire. C'est alors que la Voix se fit entendre: "C'est tough la vie!". Eh oui chers lecteurs, Carl Malenfant répondit à mes inspirations. Libéral et libéré de plein coeur, Carl aime bien rencontrer les demoiselles chez Pétro-Canada, tout en leur pompant de l'essence (qu'est-ce qu'il leur pompe?). Il peut bien se le permettre puisqu'il fêtera ses trois mois de célibat très prochainement. Il m'a même promis qu'il allait s'en passer tout un! Nous lui

souhaitons un succès du tonnerre dans son projet manuel. Trêve de plaisanteries, Carl est un bon vivant, jovial, et extrêmement sociable. Ancien joueur de football collégial, on le surnomme "le taureau". Jouant au hockey avec Les Frontenacs, sa réputation le suit partout sur la glace. Ses coéquipiers et amies intimes lui donnent ce surnom pour une toute autre raison. À vous de déduire! Si vous le rencontrez quelque part, ne vous écarterez pas, il est très docile. À moins qu'il ne lise cet article et que la fumée lui sorte par les oreilles (taureau)! N.B. Carl vient de nous apprendre qu'il ira faire un tour à Lethbridge. Il passera ainsi du manuel à l'automatique.

Rallye appartement.-

Le 2 Octobre dernier eut lieu le rallye-appartement. Activité organisée par l'A.U.F.S.J., cette activité consistait à introduire les étudiants au sein du système social de la Faculté Saint-Jean. Les étudiants, en groupe de cinq, visitaient un confrère d'étude, mangeaient chez lui une entrée, puis se

rendaient chez un autre pour y déguster le plat principal. Chose certaine, c'est que chacun s'est bien amusé pendant le dessert et les jeux. Il y eut même un record, Stéphane De Loof a invité tous les participants à se joindre à lui dans sa voiture, une Pacer jaune serin, 1978. Dix huit personnes avaient pu, malgré quelques coudes logés aux mauvais endroits, 's'entasser' dans un confort unique et bien apprécié.

Chers membres,

Un mot pour vous rappeler que la La Presse Active compte sur votre contribution d'articles. Ceux-ci doivent paraître dans l'édition prochaine dont la date de tombée a été fixée pour **le 5 janvier 1994.**

Il n'est pas interdit de produire plusieurs articles et si vous avez des amis qui s'intéressent à écrire encouragez les! Si vous tapez votre article sur n'importe quel type d'ordinateur MACINTOSH cela sera un grand gain de temps pour la correction et le montage.

Les sujets sont libres. A vous de jouer.

En attendant vos articles

Activement vôtre, La Presse . .

Une Prière

Tu m'écoutes

Dieu?

Car ma prière résonne,

Elle résonne très forte.

Malgré ton silence,

J'espère encore.

Les jambes paralysées

dans le fauteuil

Ne dansent pas,

Ne courent pas,

Ne marchent pas vers mes bras ouverts.

Nicole Couillard
"une nouvelle
génération
d'auteurs"

Le Gardien

Le malade étendu au lit,

La vie lui échappe.

Le pouls presque ralenti,

La vie lui échappe.

Pour le soulager

Le gardien tend une main

accueillante

Et conduit l'âme au ciel,

Ne laissant qu'un corps

Entouré de chagrin

Et l'écho d'un aurevoir.

Des Étudiantes de la Faculté des Sciences infirmières ont réalisé un stage au Guatemala

D e B e r n a r d P o m e r l e a u

Pendant l'heure du midi, vendredi le 29 octobre, les étudiants ont pu bénéficier d'une présentation de Madame Wendy Neander, professeure associée de la Faculté des Sciences Infirmières (Faculty of Nursing). La présentation a eu lieu dans le salon des étudiants et le sujet traité a été un voyage de stage organisé par Madame Neander au Guatemala le mois de mai passé.

Le voyage faisait partie du cours de Nursing 464, un cours de troisième année en Sciences Infirmières et section "Special Sessions".

Madame Neander a expliqué les démarches pour organiser ce voyage et le travail assidu de s'assurer pour l'expérience en soit à la fois une d'apprentissage en soins infirmiers et aussi une où les étudiantes pouvaient apprendre d'un milieu très différent que représentait ce pays hôte.

Elle a travaillé avec l'assistance de Pueblo partisans, un Organisme Canadien non-gouvernemental, qui oeuvre depuis vingt ans dans le domaine du développement international du Guatemala.

Les conditions de vie et de travail au Guatemala pour les travailleuses du domaine de la santé peuvent être assez

pénibles. Pour cette raison, Madame Neander cherchait à bien préparer ses étudiantes pour les conditions de vie du Guatemala sachant que pour la majorité cela allait être le premier

Psychologiquement, il fallait préparer les étudiantes, nous a dit Madame Neander

contact avec un pays en voie de développement.

La présentation de Madame Neander nous proposait une analogie avec l'arbre; elle nous a expliqué que l'étape de réflexion et planification préliminaire représentait les racines de l'arbre. Le travail de planification des logistiques et de démarches bureaucratiques se comparaient au tronc de l'arbre. Le début du voyage, qui a été l'étape initiale de contact et de travail au Guatemala représentait les branches.

La richesse de l'expérience au niveau professionnel et personnel pour les étudiantes venues du Canada et les Guatémaltèques sur place représentait le feuillage.

Au Guatemala, les étudiantes ont eu à improviser en ce qui concerne l'absence d'infrastructure à laquelle elles étaient habituées. Elles étaient logées chez des familles guatémaltèques et ont

installé leur clinique dans des résidences des régions où elles allaient.

Le groupe d'étudiantes a travaillé dans les régions périphériques (bidonvilles) de la capitale nationale ainsi que dans des communautés sur la côte pacifique.

Le Guatemala se distingue parmi les pays de l'Amérique en étant un pays avec un pourcentage très élevé d'autochtones.

Au Guatemala, il existe 26 langues mayas en plus de l'espagnol qui est la langue officielle du pays. Le groupe d'étudiantes a travaillé auprès du groupe linguistique Mam.

Madame Neander a terminé sa présentation en déclarant que l'efficacité du projet en terme de possibilité de changer le sort au Guatemala est très peu probable et que le but du projet est l'éducation des étudiants en sciences infirmières et la possibilité que les Canadiennes et les Guatémaltèques aient une meilleure compréhension de la réalité du futur.

Si il y a des étudiants intéressés au développement international qui voudraient explorer les possibilités de former un groupe d'étudiants se penchant sur ce sujet, s'il vous plaît, laissez votre nom à Stéphane Vallée, l'animateur culturel de la Faculté Saint-Jean.

Une autre nuit blanche

Par Stéphane De Loof

Il existe en chacun de nous un artiste. Il y a ceux qui écrivent, d'autres qui chantent, les musiciens et les artistes de la vie. Ces derniers sont ceux, qui ont le talent de rappeler et d'aider les autres à réaliser les merveilleuses choses que la vie peut nous offrir. Bien sûr, en lisant ces quelques lignes vous pensez "C'est un christophe de capoté qui a écrit cet article là."

Mais non, c'est une personne pareille comme vous autres, un étudiant de la faculté Saint-Jean qui ne poursuit pas ses études, mais qui est poursuivi par ses études. OK. ceux qui n'ont pas encore cessé de lire, primo je vous remercie et secundo, je vous dis : "attachez votre casque avec d'une broche on s'en va pour un ostination de voyage".

Etes-vous en train de vous demander "y vas-tu enfin commencer son article"? ben oui, j'y arrive". Je voulais vous parler d'un gars de la faculté, André Scrat alias le poète. Je ne voudrais pas abuser d'un espace dans la Presse Active pour publier un de ses poèmes, chanté: **Les Nuits Blanches**.

Il y a une très courte histoire derrière cette création et c'est "l'impromptu" qui en est le sujet principal. Voici donc, pour la première fois la publication, des

Nuits Blanches par André Scrat.

Intro: Harmonica joué par son fidèle compagnon Alex
C'est un moment solennel
Devant cette nuit éternelle
J'étais seul dans ma vie
Je ne pouvais me retrouver

Dans la distance je me voyais
Je voulais me libérer
J'ai vu une vie remarquable
Je m'ennuie, je ne suis plus capable

Refrain
Il se passe des nuits blanches
Des nuits tellement blanches
Il me regarde dans son miroir
Pour mieux ne pas se voir

Il partit pour un voyage
Il se perdit dans ses pas
Il ne savait plus où marcher
Il était égaré

Il regarde les visages
Il ne voit que des mirages
Pour un instant, il se voyait
Mais cette vie ne lui plaisait

Refrain
Il se retrouva dans une foule
Il se voyait parmi tant d'autres
Il ne parlait pas un mot
Il ne parlait, il était seul.

Merci Guy

"Je m'aime"

Paul Klassen

axée sur la performance académique et les besoins financiers est disponible et peut même aller jusqu'à \$ 3,000.00. Les frais de scolarité, résidence, transport et cafétéria pour une année sont aux alentours de \$ 8,000.00. La résidence est assez proche de l'Ecole de droit et le Doyen recommande fortement aux intéressés de s'y inscrire le plus tôt possible.

Vous avez donc toutes les données, maintenant à vous de jouer. Pour de plus amples informations, vous pouvez toujours écrire au Service de l'administration, Registrariat, Moncton, N-B. Canada E1A 3E9

Autour de la visite de M Fernand Landry, doyen de l'Ecole de droit de l'université de Moncton

La rédaction.-

Le jeudi 18 novembre 1993, Monsieur Bernard Landry, Doyen de l'Ecole de droit de l'Université de Moncton a fait une présentation sur les programmes offerts par la dite école à quelques étudiants et aussi quelques membres du corps

professoral et de l'administration.

L'auditoire, qu'on avait prévue nombreuse se limitait à quelques participants qu'on

aurait pu compter sur les doigts et qui ne semblaient pas vraiment manifester un intérêt très grand.

Toutefois, ils ont pu en apprendre des vertes et des pas mûres. Commençons d'abord par les vertes. Tout le monde, sans s'en douter, doit savoir que Moncton est au coeur de l'Acadie au Nouveau-Brunswick et joue un rôle assez important dans la francophonie canadienne. Les étudiants diplômés de l'Université de Moncton sont généralement bien accueillis et se placent un peu partout dans le vaste Canada. L'Ecole de droit actuellement compte 80 étudiants et le Doyen espère que le nombre doublera dans les

prochaines années.

L'université possède un vaste attirail entre autres, une bibliothèque contenant environ 105.000 livres (de quoi faire pâlir d'envie la Faculté Saint-Jean) et qui est considérée comme le laboratoire des étudiants et des profs, près de 6.000 étudiants répartis sur trois campus (l'Université de l'Alberta tient bon, à ce

niveau). Elle est le centre culturel des Maritimes et aussi le Centre International du Common-Law en Français.

En plus d'être la seule université canadienne avec son Ecole de droit qui offre le programme de

Common Law en français, elle est aussi le Centre de traduction de la terminologie juridique au Canada et dessert toutes les provinces anglophones, au niveau des lois provinciales ou fédérales.

Elle possède en plus le plus grand centre sportif de l'Est canadien et son équipe de hockey universitaire, les Ailes bleues ont déjà remporté à deux occasions le championnat national universitaire.

Apparemment, c'est l'université idéale car il n'y a même pas de concours ou de test de français préalable à l'admission.

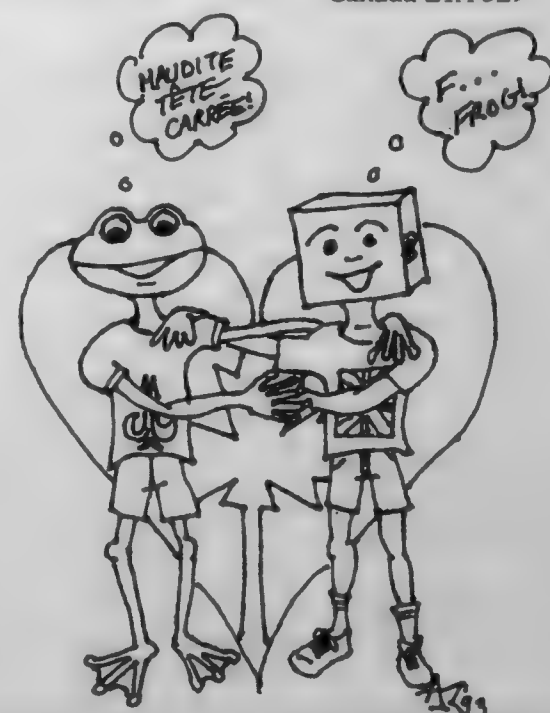
Voyons les pas mûres, maintenant. Les critères d'admission à l'Ecole de droit, proprement dit, selon les informations que M Le Doyen a jugé bon de nous fournir;

pour seulement 45 places disponibles, l'Ecole de droit avait reçu l'année dernière 200 demandes d'admission.

Ne sont admis que les titulaires d'un diplôme, soient les bacheliers. Occasionnellement, les tenants d'une troisième année d'études universitaires peuvent toujours tenter leur chance, sans aucune garantie d'ailleurs qu'ils seront acceptés ou refusés.

La note minimale pour tout étudiant intéressé doit être supérieure à 2.9 et si vous avez un dossier de 2.8 comme moyenne générale, n'y pensez même pas.

Une bourse de recrutement



La semaine culturelle à la Fac

Par Stéphane Vallée
Animateur culturel

Du 15 au 20 novembre dernier avait lieu la semaine culturelle. Une semaine où se déroulaient différentes activités impliquant les étudiants, les professeurs et le personnel de la Faculté Saint-Jean. Ce fut une semaine perçue comme réussie puisque la participation aux activités a encouragé l'A.U.F.S.J. à vouloir continuer ce projet

l'année prochaine. Les activités telles que Génies en Herbe, le Dîner-concert et le Souper international ont obtenu le meilleur taux de participation. En plus des activités du midi, la Faculté Saint-Jean avait l'occasion d'exposer et de présenter pour la première fois une série de livres et de films commémorant le centenaire de Maupassant. Pour sa part, le Théâtre à la Carte nous offrait "Exercices de style" de Raymond Queneau. En plus des activités du midi, Maupassant, le Théâtre à la

Carte, la salle 150 était ornée de peintures et d'objets folkloriques que tous avaient la chance de venir admirer...et acheter.

Pour clôturer cette semaine, le traditionnel Souper international invitait tous les membres de la communauté à venir déguster des mets de pays différents et par la suite, d'admirer des groupes de danse traditionnelle.

L'A.U.F.S.J. vous invite tous au prochain événement, qui sera le Carnaval d'hiver du 21 au 23 janvier 1994. C'est à ne pas manquer.

Le souper International

Par Anil Risbud
Président de l'A.U.F.S.J.

Imaginez les plats les plus délicieux de chaque coin du monde accompagnés d'un spectacle de danse et de musique internationale. C'est ceci qu'environ 100 individus de la communauté francophone, étudiants et visiteurs ont eu la chance de vivre le samedi soir 20 novembre à la Faculté Saint-Jean.

Le souper international 1993 a été un grand succès grâce aux individus qui se sont impliqués dans son organisation. En tant que Président de L'AUFJSJ, j'aimerais remercier tous les bénévoles, tous les chefs et bien sûr, l'équipe de l'AUFJSJ.

Le succès du souper est dû au fait que les plats étaient très variés et qu'il y en avait assez pour tout le monde. Par exemple, on avait des plats d'Haïti, de l'Inde, du Liban, de la Grèce et bien sûr, du Lac Saint-Jean.

Le spectacle de danse et de musique nous a donné la chance de voir un côté différent de la culture écossaise, polonaise, libanaise, turque. C'est un événement tout à fait spécial pour la faculté et j'espère vous y revoir l'année prochaine.



Les organisateurs [l'A.U.F.S.J.]. Merci pour la belle semaine!

et le party suite de la p.2

nos âmes et on a eu hâte de pratiquer les nouveaux mouvements qu'on a appris en regardant, "Saturday Night Fever".....ou est-ce que c'est Saturday Night Live? En tout cas, on est vite devenue célèbre et tout le monde a quitté le plancher de danse afin d'admirer nos mouvements et pas de danse nouvelle-mode.. La foule nous a lancé, "Learn how to dance, you FREAKS!!!" Malgré le fait que notre anglais était un peu faible ce soir-là, mais on a pris pour acquis qu'ils étaient en admiration et nous

encourageaient de continuer. Pour nous donner encore plus d'espace, les "Bouncers" musclés nous ont invités à finir notre spectacle fort amusant dehors.

D'un moyen ou d'un autre, on s'est rendue quelque part pour dormir. Le lendemain, on s'est réveillée dans une boîte de carton, toute couverte de boue, sans souliers et une bouteille vide de "Neet" à côté. Après quelques minutes de réflexion, chacun constate que leurs sourcils ont été épilés. Quel mystère... c'est juste une autre week-end typique pour Villager, Miner et Nutch.



Jean Gauthier,
l'enfant au crayon
433-8519

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Un "Chafing Dish", un autre "Chafing Dish", mon royaume pour un "Chafing Dish"

De Newmann Pieters et Gina-Marie Harty

Il y a bien longtemps, dans un monde semblable au nôtre, était une petite planète qui s'appelait Ump-tee-pu. Les gens de cette planète étaient vraiment beaux et intelligents, mais il y en avait un qui était au-dessus des autres. En fait, il était le prince d'Ump-tee-pu, il s'appelait Wiseman Christian Bernac Silvie-Brand IX. Le plus intelligent, probablement dans l'univers, avec un quotient intellectuel de 295. Il pouvait faire presque tout, mais la plupart des gens le connaissait pour son élocution. Il pouvait parler de n'importe quel sujet, sans préparation.

Les habitants d'Ump-tee-pu habitaient en paix depuis des milliards d'années, quand, tout à coup la planète a été attaquée par les sauvages et méchants Coursdepédagogie. Une race de gens qui sucent la vie des autres. Alors, la belle planète d'Ump-tee-pu a eu sa première guerre. Tous les habitants furent capturés, sauf Wiseman.

La sage Wiseman savait ce qu'il avait à faire: sauver sa planète. Donc, dans une caverne quelque part sur Ump-tee-pu, il a construit une navette spatiale. Tout de suite, il fut dans la "grandeur d'espace". Il a essayé 3 millions de fois de trouver de l'aide sur chaque planète qu'il a rencontrée, mais il n'a rien trouvé. Il a commencé à se sentir déprimé chose qui était très bizarre pour lui car son ego était vraiment fort. Soudainement, sa navette s'est arrêtée et est tombée. Heureusement, par hasard, il y avait une planète en bas et

Wiseman s'évanouit.

Quand le prince s'est réveillé, il était sur la planète "Cuisine". A cause de ses dons pour les langues, il pouvait communiquer avec "les Cuisinai" et parlait toutes les langues existantes, vivantes et mortes dans tout l'univers. La planète Cuisine et ses habitants étaient faits d'ustensiles.

Les maisons étaient représentées par des tasses, les rues par du papier d'aluminium; les planches de surf par des couteaux. La reine de Cuisine était une armoire, son mari, le frigo et leurs vingt enfants, les assiettes.

Pendant une semaine Wiseman a dû convaincre le roi et la reine qu'il avait besoin

de leur aide. Enfin, après avoir essayé une semaine de plus, Wiseman les a finalement convaincus. Ils étaient les plus puissants guerriers de l'univers, cependant, ils ne se battaient que pour les justes causes. Ils étaient les "Chafing Dishes"! Il n'y en avait que trente-deux, mais un seul était aussi puissant et ennuyant que dix

Coursdepédagogie. Pour être Chafing Dishes, guerriers de cette planète, il fallait relever trois grands défis. Le premier, le Mayfaire où la vitesse des Dishes était examinée, le deuxième, le Holidayinn pour évaluer la forteresse et finalement, le plus difficile, le test d'un esprit clair, le Convention-Coasterrace-Inn. Ce test sépare les hommes des "Dishes". En tout cas, avec sa grande armée, Wiseman est retourné sur sa planète.

Ump-tee-pu était démolie. Il y avait presque rien partout. Les Coursdepédagogie avaient sucé la plupart de la vie de la planète, quand Wiseman et les "Dishes" sont arrivés. Aussitôt que les Coursdepédagogie ont vu les "Chafing Dishes", ils se sont enfuis car c'étaient des lâches. Tous seuls sur la planète étaient les habitants originaux et les "Dishes". Par hasard, il se trouve que les "Chafing Dishes" avaient des pouvoirs magiques. Dans un cercle, ils ont chanté et la planète est redevenue correcte.

Le job des "Dishes" était fini, mais pour s'assurer que les méchants et horribles Coursdepédagogie ne retourneraient plus, ils ont laissé treize "Dishes" sur place comme gardiens de la paix.

Alors, comme la plupart des êtres de l'univers, le gens d'Ump-tee-pu aiment fêter. Donc, ils ont décidé d'organiser un Souper International, et c'est comme par hasard que les "Chafing Dishes" étaient idéals pour les Soupers internationaux.

Les Hardis Moussaillons en spectacle

21h30, le 6 novembre, 1993: la soirée "Hardis Moussaillons". La salle était remplie de jeunes de 12 à 17 ans venant de tous les coins de l'Alberta pour participer aux deuxièmes Jeux franco-albertains. Grâce à l'organisation exceptionnelle de la soirée, ce fut un énorme succès, sauf pour le fait qu'on n'avait pas le droit de fumer 21h15 Jacqueline Ulliach (participante au Gala provincial de la Chanson) débuta la soirée avec deux ballades de Céline Dion. Après une courte pause de 15 minutes, "la pièce de résistance" entra par la porte d'entrée pour débiter leur spectacle de 90 minutes. Les Hardis Moussaillons, un groupe de la région d'Ottawa, composé de quatre musiciens-acteurs (comme leur spectacle l'a prouvé) ont démontré qu'ils sont dans le business du showbizz avec beaucoup

de talent!

Les Hardis ("Qui ose, sans se laisser intimider"-audacieux, aventureux, Micro Robert 1988) Moussaillons ("Jeunes garçons qui lavent le plancher sur les navires de commerce, définition donnée par Marc Girouard (voix et basse). Ce groupe de variation musicale "folklorique, rock, alternatif", a fait la preuve qu'il se distingue de tout autres! Leur entrée a démontré une originalité comme je n'en ai jamais vu! La pièce remplie de fumée artificielle, pas de lumières, avec une musique mystérieuse presque silencieuse, ils sont entrés en scène avec des lampes à gaz sur la tête. Une fois installés sur la scène, le talentueux batteur (Joël Delaquis) commença la soirée avec un BOUM!

J'ai eu la chance d'entreprendre une interview et d'écouter leur cas-

sette de deux chansons avant leur spectacle et je dois admettre que je m'attendais pas à un show comme ils ont fait! En écoutant la cassette, on ne peut pas sentir l'esprit du groupe. C'est vraiment un groupe qu'on doit voir en concert. Ils prennent l'énergie de la foule et la transforme en quelque chose de surnaturel. Ce sont des musiciens talentueux, mais quand ils incluent leur talent d'art dramatique, ça donne un show incroyable et plein de vie!

Leur premier album sera sur le marché vers le mois de janvier et avec cela ils vont essayer de franchir "le marché du Québec". "On a débuté comme groupe au festival du Voyageur à Saint-Boniface (Manitoba)...et c'est dans l'ouest canadien qu'on a trouvé les gens les plus réceptifs."

Cours par correspondance

COURS A DISTANCE

Titre: WMST 3965 F. 03 (Collège Glendon de l'université York)
Les Femmes et la violence*
Date: les mardis, Début: le 04 janvier à 18h
Frais: Soutien: 242.64\$, Matériel: 75.00\$
Ouverture du dossier: 50.00\$
Lieux: les sites à distance
Description: Ce cours examine les incidences de violence faite aux femmes. Les différentes formes dans lesquelles cette violence s'exprime et les diverses analyses féministes qui essaient de comprendre du point de vue théorique, sociologique, politique et psychologique les causes et effets de cette violence. Le cours comprendra le visionnement de vidéos et la discussion des textes au programme.

COURS PAR TÉLÉCONFÉRENCE

de la Faculté Saint-Jean
Titre: ALLEMAND 20 heures de cours donne 2 crédits (U.E.C.)
Date: Janvier à mars (jours à déterminer) 18h30-20h30
Un soir par semaine
Frais: 50\$-75\$
Formateur: Norbert Kaltz, traducteur et professeur d'allemand, habite maintenant à Regina. Il est membre du comité directeur de l'Association France-Canada.
Description: Ce cours vous permettra de résoudre les problèmes courants de la correspondance administrative et commerciale. Une rencontre

obligatoire (possiblement à distance) sera organisée avec le formateur pour déterminer le contenu du cours qui répondrait le mieux à la majorité des apprenants.

COURS A DISTANCE ET PAR TÉLÉCONFÉRENCE

Titre: EDU 1600 (Introduction à la Formation à Distance)
Objectifs: Ce cours de trois (3) crédits vise à initier les étudiants aux principaux concepts et aux pratiques générales de la formation à distance. On y aborde les thèmes suivants: la planification et la réalisation d'activités, le soutien à l'apprenant, les modèles pédagogiques, organisationnels et administratifs.
Clientèles visées: Ce cours a été conçu pour des intervenants en formation à distance qui souhaitent acquérir des connaissances supplémentaires. Les étudiants dans les domaines de la pédagogie, de la gestion et de la communication, qui s'intéressent à la formation à distance, y trouvent des notions complémentaires à leur formation.
Mode de diffusion et encadrement: Le matériel pédagogique inclus des documents écrits et des documents audiovisuels. De plus, pour les étudiants provenant de l'extérieur du Québec, quatre rencontres sont prévues, dont la possibilité d'une en face à face.
Frais d'inscription: Pour les titulaires d'une lettre de permission de leur université, et qui résident hors Québec, les frais d'inscription sont fixés à 285.00\$.
Condition d'admission: Dans le cas où l'on s'inscrit par le biais de son université d'attache, les conditions d'admission de cet établissement sont en vigueur. Les principaux thèmes abordés:
*La planification et la réalisation d'activités de formation à distance
*Le soutien à l'apprenant
*Définitions et modèles de formation à distance
*L'administration de la formation à distance
La diffusion de cours est rendue possible grâce à la Télé-université, le Réseau d'Enseignement Francophone à Distance du Canada (REFAD), le Gouvernement du Québec, l'Université du Québec et la Faculté Saint-Jean (Université de l'Alberta).

Contactez donc Monsieur **Arnaud Dhuicque** de la Faculté Saint-Jean au 465-8700 ou Monsieur **Allain Saint-Cyr** du Collège Mathieu au 1-306-648-3129 pour plus de renseignements. Dans le cas d'une inscription directe à la Télé-université, les conditions d'admission de cette dernière (22 ans et plus) s'appliquent. Faire le 1-800-665-4333 pour plus de renseignements.

Presse Active
le # 1 de
l'actualité

Le Souper des Anges, une nouvelle dimension au concept de l'amitié

Si vous voulez vous faire
des vrais amis, habitez à
la Résidence

Par Gary Papillon

Vendredi dernier, le 3 décembre, la Presse Active, in extremis, a appris qu'un événement de rare envergure se déroulait quelque part à la Résidence de la Faculté Saint-Jean. J'ai été dépêché sur place et en franchissant la porte d'entrée j'ai eu un des plus grands chocs de ma vie : c'était "le souper des anges gardiens" de la résidence.

A première vue, lorsque j'avais franchi la porte de la "Chapelle", il était question d'une de ces soirées mondaines, d'une de ces rencontres

Presse Active était dans les alentours), je n'avais d'autre choix que de m'atteler à la besogne ingrate que me conférait mon titre ; soit-disant en passant, sans lequel, je me serais fait jeter dehors avec un joli coup de pied quelque part dans mon anatomie, probablement dans une des parties les plus sensibles. Des fois, le boulot est ingrat, mais il faut le faire...

Selon Nathalie Woodcock, "c'est l'occasion rêvée de remercier, premièrement le staff de la résidence et de faire savoir à tous nos ami(e)s que nous ne formons qu'un et de démontrer

ainsi que l'entraide existe encore. De son côté, Suzanne Locaas a été encore plus loin en affirmant qu'"à la résidence, le moi est haïssable, selon le mot de Pascal et que ce soir, je me sens au milieu de mes frères et soeurs en train de célébrer les bienfaits de l'amitié."

Entre étudiants, ils ont pu se comprendre. Le prix des cadeaux varie entre \$1 et \$10.00 et chacun a été très satisfait. "De toute façon, c'est le geste qui compte et l'amitié ne peut être évalué en dollars" a commenté Michael.

En passant, il faut rappeler à nos lecteurs que bon nombre de ces étudiants ne sont originaires de la ville d'Edmonton et que le but principal de cette soirée était de les réunir tous ensemble, pour une dernière fois au moins avant la Noël. "Ton plus proche voisin de chambre est ton frère ou ta soeur." a laissé tomber un autre "ami"

8:25 pile, tous feux éteints, ambiance d'époque avec tout le tintamarre, le Père Noël fit son apparition dans la salle. Je le trouve un petit trop bedonnant à mon goût, par rapport à la conception que je m'en suis

faite au cours des ans et dès qu'il a prononcé un mot, je me suis rendu compte que quelqu'un avait remplacé l'original par une photocopie. Sacrilège des sacrilèges, le Père Noël est une femme! Mais on ne peut pas tout avoir dans la vie, non! L'assistance savait très bien qu'il y a anguille sous roche et personne n'en souffle

mot. Pour la circonstance, c'était "politiquement correct" que le Père Noël changea de sexe rien que pour une soirée. Il n'y avait pas de place pour de telles stupidités.

Le sublime et le grandiose s'étaient donnés rendez-vous à la Chapelle et moi, comme bête à encre, j'étais l'antithèse typique de...

Je hais ce travail ingrat que je fais, mais je n'ai pas le choix!



Le conseil organisateur de la soirée l'A.R.F.S.J.

amicales qui, généralement tournaient à la beuverie sauvage. Pourtant, la vérité était encore loin de là.

Entre étudiants et étudiantes et ne sachant pas trop pourquoi mon sens critique de journaliste avait pris le maquis et je me retrouvais un peu isolé dans tout ce beau monde qui, pourtant, m'était familier. Honnêtement, je me demandais "qu'est-ce que je fous là", mais la caméra tapant sur mes hanches et mon bloc à notes crispé entre mes doigts me forçait à reprendre contact avec la réalité. La Résidence tenait son "Souper des Anges". Au prime abord, vu que j'étais un "extra-terrestre", et pas un "résident de la résidence", j'avais l'horrible sensation que l'ambiance était un peu trop sophistiquée. Quelques minutes plus tard, mes impressions changèrent du tout au tout. J'assistais en fait à ce qu'on peut appeler "la célébration de l'amitié".

Le concept du souper reposait en effet sur l'amitié qui est un sentiment beaucoup plus noble que l'amour. Dans la salle, il n'y avait pas des étudiants de la Faculté Saint-Jean, mais plutôt des amis, au sens vrai du terme, avec toutes les implications qu'il engendre, partageant entre eux les peines et bonheurs que la vie estudiantine procure. Pour la circonstance, chacun s'était donné un ange gardien, un ami, un amoureux, un frère, une soeur selon les humeurs et les circonstances qui prévalaient avant.

Toutefois, soucieux de mon travail (d'autant que le président de la

Il est fort malheureux de voir encore des gens vivant sous l'influence de la peur de la cuisine. Ils se questionnent sur leurs habiletés; ils ont la trouille de mentionner le mot cuisine. Ils cherchent à contourner le sujet et souvent, sans le vouloir, se mettent les pieds dans les plats. Certains vont jusqu'à mentir publiquement en se proclamant "chefs" et servent de la nourriture en boîte à leur famille et amis. Que cette phobie provienne d'une enfance douloureuse ou même encore du sevrage précoce, la cause en fait n'a aucune importance. N'importe la raison de notre peur il y a un remède efficace.

Voyez-vous la cuisine c'est comme le sexe; plus on le fait, plus c'est bon. Les débutants aiment commencer par apprendre en se munissant

de livres détaillés qui expliquent les comment et les pourquoi, les mesures et les quantités exactes. Ils suivent les choses à la lettre et aiment voir des photos afin de pouvoir les comparer au produit final.

Suivez mon conseil d'expérience: laissez-vous aller un peu! C'est simple. "Garoehez" vos bouquins et vos revues aux vidanges et testez vos instincts. Par exemple, lorsque vous vous préparez à faire une sauce de spaghetti et que vous découvrez que vous n'avez pas d'huile d'olive pour faire frire vos oignons utilisez quelque chose d'autre! Du beurre, de l'huile végétale, de l'huile d'arachide "peanuts" ou de la margarine. Il n'y a pas de loi qui vous empêche de le faire. Si la recette demande d'ajouter trois gousses d'ail et que vous n'aimez pas l'ail, pour l'amour du bon Dieu,

n'en mettez pas!

Parlons épices. Certaines gens croient que les assaisonnements ne se marient qu'avec certains groupes d'ingrédients plus ou moins spécifiques. Par exemple... le curry va avec le poulet, le fenouil avec le poisson, l'estragon avec la tomate, le paprika avec l'oeuf, la cannelle avec la pomme et "mariellon avec mariler" - ceci est une grave erreur. Vous privez vos papilles gustatives de merveilleuses expériences en catégorisant méthodiquement votre cuisine. Essayer de découvrir la joie des nouvelles saveurs. Eloignez-vous des restrictions de la recette parfaite. D'ailleurs c'est par des supposées erreurs que de nombreuses recettes ont été inventées. Peut-être derrière la peur de la "Cuisinaphobie" se cache un grand chef?

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MONKEY MISCONCEPTIONS

- Monkeys are all three inches tall
- No. Monkeys actually come in a wide variety of sizes, both larger and smaller than three inches.
- Known as the "Swingin' Dictionaries," squirrel monkeys continue to stun anthropologists with their spelling mastery of all languages, scoring in the 98th percentile in standardized tests.
- Again, false. Monkeys can neither spell nor read. They can talk, however, although what they say doesn't make any sense.
- Everyone loves monkeys
- Unfortunately, this is not true. For example, my old roommate Vanessa hated them, claiming that "they stink and are dirty." Adolph Hitler was also rumored to dislike them, although this is mostly unsupported because I just made it up.
- Monkeys release a pleasant, rose-like odor from the pores beneath their fur, leaving the pens in which they live smelling sweet and desirable.
- Untrue. They stink. A lot.
- Although essentially herbivorous, monkeys will occasionally feed on mealworms or grubs.
- All monkeys, whether happy or sad, feed strictly on human flesh, which they enjoy ripping from the limbs of slow-moving visitors. Or did I get this backwards?
- Monkeys drive cars and have elaborate road systems in the jungle...
- What the hell's wrong with you?



Eep-eep.

REJECTED ZOO QUESTIONS

Whatz the difference between monkeys and gorillas?
Have you (Zookeeper) ever seen monkeys "makin' out"?
Have you ever seen them poo?
Does monkey poo stink?
More than your poo?



Look at these funny guys!

Top 10 Monkey Songs

10. Shock the Monkey
• Peter Gabriel
9. Monkeyman
• Rolling Stones (a cover)
8. Monkey
• George Michael
7. Heavy Metal
DestructionMonkey
• Scavenger
6. Surf Monkey
• The Smooth Tones
5. Death as Monkey
• The Expressionist
Bullshitters
4. Monkeys in Heaven
• Eric Plapton
3. Monkeys avec Mon Keys
• Franco Phonie
2. Monkey Bloody Monkey
• Hewson's Heroes
1. Hey Hey We're the Monkees
• The Monkees



Jay Brown's MONKEY Poetry Corner

Monkees and poo
Monkees and poo!
Monkeys and poo!
What would we do
without monkeys and poo?
We would have to
poo in a sloo!
It's true, I tell you!
Silly Monkees!

Jay Brown



If humans have truly evolved from these noble creatures, then is it not possible that styles of poetry can also evolve? Screw you, I think it is. Therefore I present two forms of poetry whose extinction I wish to postpone, if but for a moment:

HAIKU #1 AND #2

Oh mighty gibbon
Not a monkey but an ape
Since you lack a tail

Gibbons is a town
In which I can find no apes
What's the deal with that?

CINQUAIN

Gibbon
Flyin', Swingin', Screamin'
Why do you dance so freely above me?
Searching vainly for your tail
Gibbon

-BML

HOW MONKEYS ARE SEEN ON CAMPUS:

Won't you please...

Won't you please...

Famous people...

Please draw monkeys!



PAUL DAVENPORT
University President



Tiny Monkey



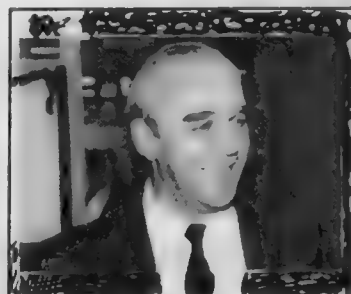
RACHEL SANDERS
Photo Person



CHRIS WOO
Chinese Man



TERENCE FILEWYCH
SU President



BILL SMITH
M a n



DAVID MALMO LEVINE
Demagogue

The Best of 1993

JUSTIN ROCKS OUT!



Top Ten Albums I Heard/Bought This Year
(after much thought)
by Justin Rice

1. Bettie Serveert, *Palomine*: better than sex and Haagen Daas coffee ice cream (but not combined).
2. Liz Phair, *Exile In Guyville*: Liz, I'd never "Fuck And Run."
3. Dinosaur Jr., *Where You Been*: J. Mascis, god of dinosaur rock.
4. the Breeders, *Last Splash*: Kim Deal rocks out, Frank who?
5. Richard Thompson, *Watching The Dark* (box set). Something that everyone should own.
6. Unrest, *Perfect Teeth*: Mark Robinson and company, the best band out of D.C. since Fugazi.

7. Madder Rose, *Bring It Down*: Indie rock at it's finest.
8. Stereolab, *Transient Random-Noise Bursts With Announcements*: immerse yourself in the aural experience that is Stereolab, lounge music from Hell.
9. Bikini Kill, *Demirep 7"*: I have seen the future of punk rock, and it is female (Joan Jett rules).
10. Elvis Costello, *2 1/2 Years* (box set) Another essential, Elvis is the King.

Honourable Mentions: Velocity Girl, *Copacetic*; the Swirlies, *Blondertongue Audiobaton*; the Bats, *Silverbeet* (Flying Nun is label of the year); Moonshake, *Eva Luna*; Lois, *Butterfly Kiss*; Verve, *A Storm In Heaven*. Merry Christmas!

Blame him for this....

(I take no responsibility for this guy. If you got a problem, take it up with him. I'm on vacation. Me, Dave Johnston, Entertainment Editor.)

The following are the top ten entertainment controversies in 1993. According to me. Todd Babiak. The guy with all of those shaky thangs.

10. The Burt and Loni fiasco.
9. Vince Neil goes solo. Goof-ball Motley Crue fans shed tears upon their huge white hi-tops.
8. The guy from Blind Melon peed on some cats at a Vancouver concert. Rock-god myth begins!
7. The slobbering, mush-brained invalid Brian Wilson develops a bond with Axl Rose:

a mutual fascination with Chuck Manson.

6. The Burt and Loni fiasco.
5. Disgusting RuPaul lips off Uncle Miltie at the MTV awards.
4. Oprah the slob loses weight again. For the second time she is a skinny girl with a fat girl's face.
3. Michael Jackson touched some little boy's penis.
2. River Phoenix inhales 19 different drugs and flops around in front of the Viper Club. I still can't believe he's gone!



1. Sci-fi nerds unite and justice is served on December 4, 1993. ITV replays the pilot for *Babylon 5*.

Our Exalted Leader

Editor-In-Chief Stephen Notley's Top Ten List of Things That May or May Not Be Entertainment Related

*** Nerd Warning***

If you are offended by asocial habits or the mentioning of *Star Trek* in serious contexts, you may be offended by this article, since both of those things appear in it.

10. *Jurassic Park*—yeah, yeah, so what's new? Good dinosaurs. I agonized over buying the soundtrack for about two months and then I just went ahead and bought the damn thing. Haven't listened to it since.

9. Peter Gabriel's *Us*—Hey, I'm allowed to have one thing that isn't totally dorky. Hang on, now, cause it doesn't get any better.

8. The Resurgence Of ABBA—ever since I fell in love with *Chess*, (by the two guys from ABBA), I've been waiting for their triumphant return. S.O.S., man, S.O.S.

7. *Dead Alive*—Yes! Peter Jackson returns after his stunning, powerful film *Bad Taste*. *Dead Alive* ups the stakes, with the penultimate scene of the hero lawnmowing his way through a room of zombies. Yes! Brilliant!

6. The new season of *Deep Space Nine*—All right! Shut up if you've got a problem with it! I'm a nerd! I've accepted it! Why can't you? Anyway, this season has *rocked*, with one of the best episodes of the entire *Star Trek* mythos in "Necessary Evil." The first ever *Star Trek* three parter that opened the season kicked the *Next Generation*'s ass all the way to Podunk.

5. The new spate of crime movies—used to be, if you were an independent filmmaker with tons o' talent you'd make a slasher/horror movie. Now you make a crime film. Witness *Man Bites Dog*, *El Mariachi*, *Bad Lieutenant*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Laws of Gravity*...

4. My ever-lovin' girlfriend Karen—she's the spoobiest!



3. *The Adventures of Brisco County*—this is a TV show, on RDTV, 11 pm, Thursdays. It's a western and it stars Bruce Campbell, star of the best film ever made, *Evil Dead II*. The pilot was great, the first few episodes were kinda slow, but now it's really gearing up and doing the funny, bigtime. I like.

2. *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle The Movie*—now, granted, this didn't come out this year, but I honestly feel the critical community has passed this film by. This is an excellent film—not an excellent kid's movie, not an excellent movie of its type—a honest-to-God good movie.

And that's...my two cents.

1. *Babylon 5*—Whaddya expect? At the risk of belabouring the point, this show has potential. Yeah, a lot of the acting in the pilot sucked, but they've ditched most of the crappy actors anyway (along with a couple of the good ones, unfortunately). From the information I've received, it will not be broadcast in Edmonton. Bastards! Bastards! So much for living.

Top Three Things that Really Sucked This Year

3. *Star Trek: The Next Generation*—face it, nerds, this season so far has been nine-tenths crap. It's boring.

2. The Numbing Fear That If James Cameron Does Actually Make *Spider-Man: The Movie* For The Summer Of '95 he might use Neil Rutenberg's crappy script that has Spidey saying things like "I'll Get You, Ock!" and that gives Spider-Man himself (as opposed to Peter Parker) about eight lines of actual dialogue—'nuff said.

1. *Babylon 5* not being on—'Nuff said. Except that 'nuff hasn't been said. Why? Why? Why must they deny me the only thing that can make me happy? Arrgh! This I swear; they shall pay. Oh yes. They...shall...pay!

December 15th BUDGET FORUM

A budget forum will be held on

**Wednesday,
December 15th, 1993**

from

12:00 noon — 2:00 pm

in the Snell Auditorium,

located on the first floor of the
Walter C. MacKenzie Health Sciences Centre.

President Davenport
and the Vice-Presidents
invite all members
of the University community
to attend.

and Terence rambles on



Hi! I'm SU President Terence Filewych, and these are a few of my Favourite Things of All Time!
movie: *Dead Again*
song: "Chatahoochee" by Alan Jackson
album: 1984 (Van Halen)

The Best of 1993



Rodney Gitzel, mountain-leaping photographer, shares with you the best (and worst) things about his life in 1993

Two Most Fantastic '93 CDs

hHead, *Fireman*

Catherine Wheel, *Chrome*

Best CD I Haven't Heard Yet

Eric's Trip, *Love Tara*

Most Romantic Gig

Seaweed and the Hansen Brothers, the Bronx,

May

Best Live Shows

hHead at Dinwoodie in April

Big Drill Car at InFest

D.R.I. at Highwood

Most Maddening Sight

The Look People's on-stage rape of a girl from the Highwood audience

Biggest Bummer

Losing my InFest photo pass to some [BLEEP!] who didn't bother to use it.

Second-Worst Heartbreak

Hockey Bears' loss to Toronto Blues at Nationals.

Most-Intriguing-Christmas-Wish Award

Nic Simpson and her sweater

Top Ten Places to Meet "Quality" Men

by Christine Plican

10. WEM Fantasyland

9. Canadian Finals Rodeo

8. any downtown nightclub

7. Washroom stalls

6. The Cecil

5. A Nazareth concert

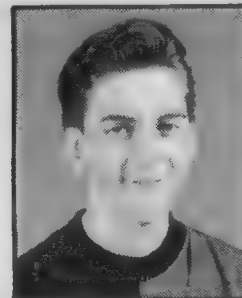
4. HUB arcade

3. Any stinky pub

2. 97 Street

1. The Gateway offices

Pete Pachal's Best Of..List of 1993



Best Colour: tangerine

Best Team in The CFL: Edmonton Eskimos

Best Comeback Line: "Yeah, well....fuck you!" (*The Germ*)

Best Film: *The Fugitive*

Best Sportswear: Nike

Best Sport: Jay Brown

Best Episode of *Star Trek*: The one where Riker and Picard become traitors and hit each other a lot.

Best 3-D poster: the dinosaur one

Best Return Decade: The 70s

Best Teeth: Velociraptor

Best Talk Show host: David Letterman

Best Dessert: Cake

Best of The Best: a REALLY bad movie

Best Power of Superman: Ability to drink the ocean

Best Nut: almond

Best Primate: Fish Griwkowsky

A Look Back at 1993 with Pete McIntee

The Best Guy Dead—Frank Zappa

Worst Highball—Rum/Coke

Biggest Loss at U of A—Football Program

Biggest, Dumbest bus driver—#68

Millgate weekdays

The Most Drawn Out Media Affair—The

Oiler Saga (either stay or go, but shut the fuck up)

This Year's Most Dangerous Man—Brad Ledig

Biggest Fashion Revival—tube socks

Best Movie—*Scent of a Woman*

Worst Movie—*The Good Son*

Most Over-Rated Band—(tie) Blind Melon,

Barenaked Ladies

Most Under-Rated Band—Moxy Früvous

Good Riddance Award—Peter Weissbach at 930 CJCA

Most Interesting Woman—kd lang

Least Interesting Woman—Madonna

Sexiest Woman—my mom

Sexiest Man—(tie) my dad and Bill Matheson

Cutest NHL owner—Bruce McNall (LA Kings), pudgy but perky

Best TV Show—(tie) American Gladiators, Warwick's World (Shaw Cable)

Favorite American Gladiator—Zap, because she's got muscles, baby!

Least Favourite American Gladiator—Turbo, because his heart just isn't into it, sometimes.

Biggest Pet Peeve of the Year—I go into a clothing store and find a shirt that I like, but they never have it in X-Large because every 110 lb. gerbil in this damn city has to wear clothing so inconceivably huge. What are these damn kids trying to hide nowadays?

Prediction for 1994—to beat up 110 lb. gerbils.

Gurmeet Ahluwalia's Top 13 Funnest Things of 1993

13. Getting in touch with my inner child.

12. *Babylon 5*.....just kidding

11. Fabio

10. Cruisin' for "chicks" with Joey Buttafuoco

9. Seeing the Natural Law Party win as many seats as the PCs west of Quebec.

8. LOSING AN ELECTION. Yahoo!

7. Debating the value of the monarchy with Jay Brown.

6. Blue Jello

5. Golden Bears Football games.

4. Calling an anonymous bomb threat on registration d...oops, said too much.

3. Seeing Pebbles Flintstone have twins.

2. The buffet at Uncle Willy's

1. Skippy Peanut Butter. My Mommy loves me, how do I know? Because my Skippy tells me so...

A Special message to my volunteers

First, let me thank you all for writing, taking photos, and generally saving my butt when I need copy. This section is as much yours as it is mine. For your hard labour and time, I thank you most humbly.

Secondly, there will be a short little meeting on Friday at 2:30 pm at the office to discuss the Gateway. If you can't come, that's cool. Speak to me beforehand if you are able.

Third, have a happy holiday. See you in January. Peace on earth, goodwill to all. I love you all. Kiss kiss.

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Sports Editor Bob Hall 492-5068

Is Bears' football dead yet?

Door is open for Athletics and Alumni to table proposal

by Bob Hall

It's not over yet.

The Board of Governors decision to cut the Golden Bears football program last Friday may not be *fait accompli*. The Department of Athletics and the football alumni have been given the chance to come up with a proposal to resurrect the team.

"I believe that there is a possibility that consideration will be given to a proposal that makes sense. I think that all of us would like to have the football program here, and if there is a viable proposal that can be put on the table it will be considered."

—Art Quinney

"I believe that there is a possibility that consideration will be given to a proposal that makes sense," said Dr. Art Quinney, the Dean of the Faculty of Phys Ed. "I think that all of us would like to have the football program here, and if there is a viable proposal that can be put on the table it will be considered."

Friday's BoG decision was essentially to vote on the three-year working agreement between the alumni and university. Since the 1991 agreement had expired the BoG decided that agreement could not provide stable funding for the future.

When the decision was released it was feared that the BoG might not be willing to accept any more proposals, hence the fear that the program was dead. But that was apparently not the case.

"If you go back and see anything that I have said previously it is the same," said Quinney on the faculty's stance. "We want the program. We do not have the stable funding in order to make it happen. The university is not willing to pay the department [of Athletics] and the faculty [of Phys Ed] those funds. But if they [funds] can be found somewhere else, and we can do it, of course we want the program. And I will make every effort to support it."

The question now becomes—when? Athletics and the alumni are considering many options at this point. They have as much time as they need.

"There is no timeline. Whenever they get it done we will consider it and let everybody know," said Quinney. "Obviously from all perspectives the sooner we can estab-



Sean Costall

Is it the end of the line for Jay Hamilton (#27) and the Golden Bears football team? Maybe not. There is still hope for football at Alberta. For more, read this article.

lish something the better. It wouldn't be anybody's best interest to let it drag on."

All interested parties will be working hard to see that it does not drag on. Everyone agrees that it

won't be easy, but at least they know they have one more chance to make it work.

Remembering the Bears—Eskimo style

by Allison Boychuk

It was a sad day on campus as news came that the University of Alberta Golden Bears football team had officially been axed. Of course this news affects everyone differently, but let's look at it from the perspective of an ex-Golden Bear player who went on to play out the Canadian football dream. Blake Dermott played for the Bears from 1979-82, then joined the Edmonton Eskimos.

"When I went to Edmonton (Eskimos) I was thinking we were going to be in Grey Cups all the time. They had just won five in a row so I figured I'd get used to playing in Championship games."

—Blake Dermott

Dermott reflects on his Golden Bear days. "Those were good years," he says. "We won our conference two years in a row and were in the national championship twice."

The news of the deletion of the football program was upsetting but "not surprising considering what happened three years ago, but it is very disappointing especially since the team started to turn around the field and had such a good season."

Over the years the Golden Bears football program has had players



Kevin Gulayets

The Grey Cup was celebrated last weekend at Clare Drake, but not to much to rejoice in for the Bears.

move onto the Canadian Football League. Some, like Dermott, have gone on to win the ultimate prize—the Grey Cup.

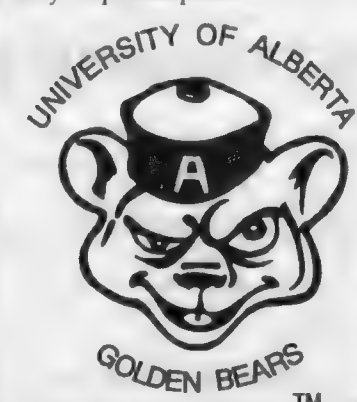
So what is it like to play on a championship team? Dermott ex-

perienced success with the Bears and has been lucky enough to experience success as a pro.

"When I went to Edmonton (Eskimos) I was thinking we were going to be in Grey Cups all the time.

They had just won five in a row so I figured I'd get used to playing in Championship games. It wasn't until my fifth season that we got the chance to win one. It seemed like it took forever but it was nice—so many guys don't get a chance to win one."

So how does it feel to be the 1993 Grey Cup champions?



"It's kind of weird! It never happened like this before. When we won in 1987 it was no big deal. The Oilers won and everyone thought 'Another win, big deal.' When we were down in Calgary all the papers were saying how important it was for us to win, everyone was putting pressure on you."

The Eskimos didn't let the pressure get to them though as they brought back pride to a city starved for something to cheer about.

"We had the greatest group of guys this year. That must have been how it felt when they won five years in a row. To have that for one year was unbelievable. But to have that

for that many years, I just can't imagine. Hopefully they'll keep us together for a while. It's difficult because you got 50 guys from all different backgrounds. They were just able to find all the right guys and everybody just fit right in."

Dermott is still a strong supporter of university athletics. In fact he often came out to watch the Bears football team. He may not get that chance anymore, as there may be no football team to watch.

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BREAK:**

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MORE

FOOTBALL

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BON

VOYAGE

BASKETBALL

Hey there, St. Nick

by Gateway Sports

It's that time of year again. The season of giving and goodwill towards man (and woman). Gateway sports is in the spirit. So here is our wish list for those who are in need.

First let's start with the institution as a whole. For the University of Alberta a football team. I don't think that's too much for the big guy in the red suit to deliver. It sure would make a lot of happy Bears.

While we are on the subject of football, for the Department of Athletics, a share in Tim Horton donuts so that the money Tom Wilkinson and quarterback coach Al Wittur spend at the SUB establishment goes not only into their bellies, but also into the department. Hell, that alone could save Bears football. For Bears safety Paul Yusypchuk a professional (CFL) free agent signing. For Bears tailback Jay Hamilton a 1000 yard season in 1994—hopefully in a Bears uniform. For Bears veterans Marc Tobert, John Cutler, and Scott McKenzie another shot with the Edmonton Eskimos.

Let's see if old St. Nick can promise Pandas soccer some heat for the 1994 CIAU women's soccer nationals which will be hosted by the University of Alberta. The Pandas get a bye into the tournament, but it could be too damn chilly in November for soccer. For Pandas soccer rookie Heather Murray, recognition as Canada West rookie of the year, even though such an award does not exist, but it should! And she should have it. It would be great if the pudgy old fart from the north could get Golden Bears soccer a vote from the University of British Columbia Board of Governors to cut UBC soccer. That would eliminate the dreaded Thunderbirds and guarantee the Bears (the second best team in the CIAU rankings this year)

a spot in the Nationals. For Bears soccer player Curtis Vos a suit, ala Herb Tarlak. For Ricardo Zenari a framed copy of the photo that was run of him in another newspaper

(not the Sun) earlier this year. That way he won't forget what the inside of the library looks like. For Bears rookie Doug Holloway, soccer without between-game prac-

tice and Bob Marley's *Songs of Freedom* box set. It may be a tough task but we would give plenty of cookies and milk if the big guy could bring Golden Bears basketball coach Don Horwood a national championship. Maybe then he would stop repeating "this could be the year" at the start of every season, because Santa this seems to be the year. For Greg DeVries a surfboard, for Scott Martell some sunblock, for Greg Badger a liege (the flowered necklace), for Clayton Pottinger a pitcher of Mai Tai's, and for Murray Cunningham a big heaping helping of poy. Aloha guys have fun in Hawaii.

For Pandas basketball coach Trix Baker, a 6'6" post player and the hope that every Pandas player grows about three more inches. To Susan Chalmers, hope that someone discovers a softer basketball court. To Karen Brydon, hope that Doug Baker catches a case of laryngitis. It won't be easy, but SC could you bring a brand new knee and back for Kim Spencer and Susan Yackabowski? For the Golden Bears hockey

team, some finish around the net at Clare Drake Arena. How many times must the Bears double the opposition in shots without coming away with some results? For Bears coach Bill Moores, a call from the Edmonton Oilers after he guides his team to the CIAU national title this year. To Scott McDonald, a healthy second half of the season. For Bears rookie Mike Jickling, a rule book for university hockey and a full adaption to Canada West. When it comes he will be a scary player. For Todd Goodwin, serious consideration for league MVP.

Here is a list for the Pandas field hockey team. A life buoy to keep the team from going down in the wake of the football team's demise. New superstars to take the place of Heather Jones and the other departing Pandas. Another shot at the gold medal in next year's CIAU Nationals. A win over those nasty girls at UNB. And a Gateway sports reporter who actually understands field hockey.

For Pandas volleyball, if Rudolf and the boys can pull some CIAU gold medals on the sleigh for the team that would be nice. For Laurie Eisler, patience. For Deb Dyson, an All-Canadian bid. For Golden Bears volleyball, wins, wins! Coach Terry Danyluk needs a crystal ball to decide whether it's guts or determination that's needed to develop some chemistry on the team. Two weeks in sunny California might illuminate the situation—must be nice.

For Cam Ashmore let's hope he gets a corner office at the law firm and a wardrobe to wear in that office. For Joe Croteau his own private phone number at the Gateway. For Allison Boychuk, some one to publish her stories of "Brushes with pro athletes". For Lisa Kartusch, a date with Christian Laettner. For Travis Lamb, a book of quotes, or a story with quotes, or something like that. For Curtis Dumonceaux, the motivation to write another semester of swimming.

Let's not forget our friends in the



Kevin Gulayets

Murry Cunningham and the rest of the Golden Bears basketball team will get the gift of Mai Tai's and surf this Christmas as they take their show to Hawaii.

world of non-campus sport.

For Mike Vernon, long overdue respect. To Don Cherry, permanent laryngitis. For Kerrin Lee-Gartner and Kate Pace, a gold medal each. For Dale Hunter, a sarcastic sympathy card. To all Maple Leaf fans, splints for their broken ankles when they jump off the bandwagon. For Mario

Lemieux and Steve Yzerman, new spinal columns. For the Edmonton Oilers, expansion team status. For Glen Sather, the end-less cigar. For Bill Ranford, a decent team to play in front of him. And for Ian Herbers another shot, he deserves it.

Have a great holiday season one and all!

**Happy Holidays to all friends
and family of the Gateway.
Peace.**

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Football cuts—beyond the U of A

Loss of the Golden Bears program reaches all levels of football



Sean Costall

Gettin' ugly. The Bears were in the thick of the action this season. But do they have a future?

by Bob Hall

Last week's Board of Governors decision to cut football at the University of Alberta will have a profound effect on the entire gridiron community in Alberta. Part of that community includes those student athletes who have yet to move onto the post secondary level but are still weighing their options.

There are hundreds of high school students in Edmonton who represent their schools on football teams. Ultimately it is these athletes that

will be the most hurt by last week's decision.

"It's going to hurt in a lot of ways," said Joel Short, the head coach of the Salisbury program in Sherwood Park. "First and most importantly, the guys playing now look up to university players and see that as a goal. Now, with nothing to aspire to, they might just drop out."

Short led his Salisbury Sabres to the 4A (largest school population) provincial final this past season. Obviously with that kind of success

he had some high quality athletes on his team. With last Friday's decision, Short has already had five or six players come to him with questions about their post secondary choices.

If there is no football at the U of A, those who do want to pursue football past high school must now make other choices. They could go the junior football route and play for the Edmonton Wildcats or Huskies. They can test the waters of other universities in Canada. They can look at playing in the United States. The last two options are not open to many kids because it takes a great deal of money to attend university away from home.

Another option is to quit football altogether.

"I think that this [decision] will definitely affect football especially here in Edmonton," said Bears second-year player Sunil Mathew. "The kids that do want to go on and play past high school football, they'll look at it and say 'What's in it for me? If there is not going to be football at Alberta is it worth it for me to be playing?'"

With all the education cuts taking place in province, another possibility is that the university program may be just the first to go. School boards may take a look at high school athletics and take the hatchet to them. This could lead to other problems.

"What the hell are these kids going to be doing [if they don't have

athletics]—hanging out at the malls or on the street?" said Don Guy who coaches M.E. Lazerte.

Though this is an extreme example, it is well worth thinking about. At this stage the resurrection

of the Bears football program is still a possibility. But, if the Golden Bears team that high school athletes aspire to play for is taken away, it begins to affect more and more of the community.

Recruiting tough

by Bob Hall

The stack of letters on coach Al Wittur's desk were abruptly halted on their way to the mailbox last Friday.

The University of Alberta Golden Bears quarterback coach had a stack of over 100 letters addressed to some of the top high school prospects in Alberta and across the nation. With the competition between CIAU teams for the top talent being as heated as it is, it is essential the coaches show interest early.

The Board of Governors decision to axe the football program put a sudden end to months of hard work for the Bears coaching staff.

However, with the fate of the program still in the hands of the Department of Athletics and the football Alumni, those letters may still get mailed.

"As far as the initial announcement, I would imagine it would have an effect," said head coach Tom Wilkinson about the potential recruits. "But if we can get back to them and say that there is a possibility the team may still be around,

that's what I would want."

Wilkinson was to follow those letters up with a trip around the province to personally talk to some of the hot prospects. He would tell them what a good program the U of A has, and make sure they realize that he wants them on the team.

Now he must wait while other universities flaunt their programs to the potential CIAU players.

"I don't think there are many athletes who are going to pick their school between December and the end of January," said Wilkinson. "And what they would be doing is looking at other options and to me they should be doing that to make the right choice."

Wilkinson is not too worried about falling behind in the recruiting race quite yet. He feels if the program is resurrected shortly the Bears will not lose any ground. Only if the matter is not resolved quickly will there be problems.

"If this were to drag on until April then you have a huge, huge, huge problem."

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Barb and Ernie's Supreme — Philadelphia Cream Cheese, Smoked Salmon with Sliced Onions and Capers etc. Served on a Freshly Baked Bagel and Roasted Potato with Champagne and Orange Juice. Served after 11:00 am. \$9.95

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Campus Rec reflects

by Michael J. Chow

As students begin to look forward to final exams, the University of Alberta Campus Recreation department looks back on what has been another outstanding semester of delivering quality recreation programs to faculty, students, staff and alumni.

"I am very pleased with the participation levels of all our activities," said Campus Rec director Hugh Hoyles, who has had to eliminate various activities because of budget restraints and human resource costs. "Our priority has always been to contribute to the overall well-being of the individuals who take part in our programs and I think that the numbers show that we are accomplishing this goal."

One of the main assets of the

programs has been the variety of activities that have been offered to participants which enables them to interact with people from all over campus.

"I really enjoy the fun and social atmosphere around all the activities that I participate in," said third year Law student, Jodi Marshall who has played intramural volleyball, hockey and soccer this semester. "I truly look forward to taking part in intramurals because the program provides welcome relief from the daily grind of studying."

Indeed, as the Men's, Co-Rec, and Women's intramural programs have attracted over 7000 participants. Add to that the Campus Fitness and Lifestyle Program, Special Events, Satellite Programs, Non-Credit Instruction and Sports Clubs,

and Campus Rec has catered to over 10 000 participants this term alone.

However, the accolades and compliments from students on how the programs have positively influenced their lifestyles has not prevented Hoyles from expressing concern over what lies ahead for Campus Rec and their clientele. In these tight economic times, he sees a distinct trend toward increased user-fees which translates into the participant having to bear more of the cost to take part in the activities.

"Our program costs have been steadily rising, so fees are going up also," he said. "I would be lying if I didn't say I am worried that, eventually, we will only be able to provide our service and opportunities to those who can afford it."

South bound Pandas

by Joe Croteau

California dreamin'. Dreamin' of Saskatchewan.

Not the best way to spend seven days in Los Angeles over the Christmas holidays, but as the University of Alberta Pandas head down to Lotus land for a few exhibition games, the only thing on their minds will be the University of Saskatchewan Huskies.

The Pandas have worked hard this season and now will get to show off their talent against several division two teams in the United States. The Pandas play three exhibition games against Occidental College, California State Dominguez Hills, and California Poly. But don't be misled—this is not just a holiday.

"We're going down there Decem-

ber 27 thinking about Saskatchewan. We want to get some quality practice time in," said coach Trix Baker.



The Pandas are going down hoping to work on some new offensive systems. It won't be anything too

radical, but enough to hopefully shake up the Huskies who they play in the first January regular season series when they return.

The trip for the Pandas comes at a good time as they will be able to heal some wounds, take in the sights and sounds of Disneyland, spend some time bonding, and observe some poor (homer) officiating. As in Saskatchewan, the officiating is very one-sided in California, and that suits Trix just fine.

"That's what we need. We need that mentality that we're not going to get any calls so play with it"

Call it a working holiday. The Pandas will play hard, practice hard, and if time permits, suntan hard. Seven days of fun and sun and plenty of basketball drills.

Surf's Up for Bears Hoops as they go island hopping

by Cam Ashmore

Bikinis, Beaches and Basketball.

All three of these things are on the agenda of the University of Alberta Golden Bears basketball team as they prepare to take off for their annual Christmas tournament in Hawaii this year.

"Last year we went to Winnipeg where it was -35," Bears coach Don Horwood said. "This year we are going to go to Hawaii where it will be +30. I would rather be in a place where it's +30 then -35."

The trip is not just a vacation for the Bears. They play four times in five nights, and that does not count practices.

"It's a great opportunity for us to get to a warmer climate, but we will be busy every day," Horwood said. "We practice every day or we play every day, so it's not like we will be going there just to lie on the beach

every day. Although obviously there will be a little time for that."

The Bears start off by playing a pre-tournament game on the afternoon of New Year's Eve against the University of Hawaii Brigham Young. The tournament itself then takes place on January 2-4. It is a round robin format that will feature Queen's University, Hawaii Pacific University, and Hawaii Brigham Young.

The trip will be a test of the Bears' mettle. It will not be easy to focus on business when all around you others are partaking of the pleasures of a situation.

"It will be a good test of their

focus," Horwood said. "It's hard to go to that sort of situation and still be concentrating on the basketball part of it, but we will have to if we want to be ready for Saskatchewan when we get back."

What makes this trip even more challenging is what happens when the Bears get back. They will arrive in Edmonton on January 5, leave for Saskatchewan on January 6, and play a two game series that weekend. All told that will be six games in nine days.

If the Bears can get through that, it may show that they have the focus and determination to get through anything.

Den Scraps

THE NATION'S BEST AT THE BREAK

The Golden Bears basketball team head into Christmas (and Hawaii) as the number one ranked team in Canada. Here's a look at the top-10 men's basketball teams in the CIAU and the how the rest of the Alberta teams fare with the best.

1. Alberta (1) 2. McMaster (2) 3. Victoria (3) 4. Winnipeg (7) 5. Concordia (6) 6. Brandon (4) 7. Acadia (5) 8. UPEI (8) 9. Saint Mary's (9) 10. Guelph (10)

Men's Hockey — 1. Lethbridge (1) 2. Acadia (2) 3. Calgary (3) 4. Western Ontario (4) 5. UQTR (5) 6. Wilfred Laurier (7) 7. Ottawa (9) 8. Alberta (8) 9. Dalhousie (10) 10. Regina (NR)

Men's volleyball — 1. Manitoba 2. Laval 3. Calgary 4. Winnipeg 5. Victoria 6. British Columbia 7. Alberta 8. Waterloo 9. Dalhousie 10. Queen's tied McMaster

Women's volleyball — 1. Winnipeg 2. Manitoba 3. Calgary 4. Montreal 5. Alberta 6. Laval 7. York 8. Toronto 9. Sherbrooke 10. Saskatchewan.

BEARS HOCKEY TOP SNIPERS

As the hockey team heads into the Christmas break here is a look at the leading scorers after 14 games:

	G	A	PTS
Todd Goodwin	11	8	19
Mark Souch	3	14	17
Barclay Pearce	6	8	14
Derek Johnstone	6	6	12
Mike Jickling	2	10	12
Terry Degner	4	6	10
Murray Bokenfohr	3	6	9
Trevor Sherban	2	5	7
Glen Pullishy	4	2	6
Paul Strand	3	3	6

IT'S 3:30 IN THE MORNING SPACE WASTING TIME

Betcha didn't know that it was Jeff George's birthday yesterday. He's 26, the creep. He's one of the reasons that guys just drafted into the NFL (or whatever league) get paid millions without even playing a single professional game. For proof of this look no further than the *Forbes* Top 40 paid athletes. Drew Bledsoe makes 5.9 Million in his first NFL season. Crazy. Hey, why doesn't Bledsoe or George bail out the Bears? Just an irrelevant thought at 3:30 am.

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FOUND

A black pencil case in TL 11 on Fri., Dec. 3, 1993. Call 435-8695.

WANTED

Part-time employment available to a reliable, flexible and motivated student. Duties to include data entry, answering phones, receiving applicants, filing and general office duties. Must be available from 3-6pm, Mon to Fri. Experience with Word Perfect 5.1 necessary. Please submit resume and cover letter to David Aplin and Associates, #2140-10060 Jasper Ave. Attn: Grace or Patti.

FREE DENTAL CLEANING. 3 patients required for dental hygiene exam Dec. 15/93, from 8:30 - 3:00. Call after 4:00 pm. 939-5015.

Caregiver needed Thursdays, Jan. - March, for 2 preschoolers. Possible full-time May-August. Phone 425-3459.

The Ice Pedlar requires personnel to work in plant area. Must be physically fit. Apply 12136-121 A Street between 9 & 4 wkdays.

Ride to Vancouver around December 20. Will help with gas/driving. Leave message 487-0750.

Earn \$9500 next summer. College Pro Painters is now hiring for 1994 summer management positions. Learn about business and leadership first-hand. Full training provided. For more information inquire at CAPS or call 433-3084. Go with the leader. Interviews in progress. Act today - positions fill quickly.

Need a part-time job? Join the Student Calling Program and raise money for the U of A. Two evenings (8 hours) per week, starting at \$6.00 per hour. Send resume and cover letter: Development Office, 4th Floor, Athabasca Hall. For more info: Samantha Hoffman at 492-0332 (8am to 2pm) or 492-7374 (2pm to 10pm).

Swizzlesticks: Models required for the fall session of Swizzlesticks advanced cutting classes. Phone 433-7078.

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IMPROVE SPEAKING SKILLS! Y Toastmasters meets Tuesdays at 7:30, Renford Inn on Whyte. Call Vivian 439-2872.

T free

Come home, Monkey. —Z.

Cabbage-quit being such a saurkraut! Just wait 'til I find some mistletoe. —The Vampyr.

Freak-Hoss should have a good X-mas now that we're gone. Power to the fish! Thanks for everything (wink, wink, nudge, nudge). —Nudist

Mr. Wizard. Thank for a wonderful year full of mushrooms and snorkeling (Merry X-mas to your lizard too). Love your angel.

Hmm. Santa knows what Turbo wants for Christmas. —Rambo to shoot her up with his big gun while she licks PB (crunchie?) of his. —?

Kate-We met Thurs nite @ Ruth N 4th flr. U thought U knew me. Wud like 2 c U again. Reply here or meet again? Santa from Singapore.

Soc 382: Marc L. Wishing you the best on your graduation and a happy holiday season. Hope Santa's nice to you. PS: What is your cup of tea?

To the brown girl who's met my eyes: How about sitting on my knee & telling me what you want for Christmas? Bar Teca guy?

Mr. Plough-Thank 4 making the last 2 months & 2 days special. You & your stocking can wait me anytime! More! Ho ho ho. Ory.

Happy b-day to Darcie M. Try not to miss your workouts too much. We will tunk of you every MWF 11am with our squares on! KSPB

Watermelon: I bumped my head when I fell off my sleigh. Do you think you can help me find my way? Kwi

Mr. Rochester-would you be interested in sharing some poetry? Jane

Santa Bob-Neither and angel nor a bimbo and only partially well-read but tossing and turning with you in my head. Mama Claus.

S. Admiral, I hope U get all U wish for Xmas. If you're

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L ines

a good boy Santa will put a certain someone in your stocking! Miss Swimmer.

Michele! Happy belated birthday and use your weed wacker once in a while! Garth.

So you like my keychain eh? What do you have to offer? The brunettes.

Hey Jude, you're right I'm still paying the price! I'm sorry for hurting you! Have a great Christmas. Love always, John.

F ree

It when you talk "naughty" to me. Thx \$ the great time. Luv U: your sex elf.

Vincent: What's all of this womanizing we see all of the time? Cabbage of death? Cabbage of love! Mistletoe.

Vincent-Are you going to sit on Mrs. Claus' knee? Sue's married you know-slobber on her & you'll get coal in your stocking.

Bello avec les yeux bruns. When do you want to have your picture retaken with Santa? Please call to let me know.

Angel & Flapper: Mec E/Civ E halloween. I like Flapper's half of the tag team. Reply here. SM (S 4 Santa?)

I sang my love 2 U at 18. Now I cher it with the world at 19. A ryder of dreams, I rob your hear. The sleigh ride will never end-Santa.

Merry Christmas and Happy Honolulu Heat. See ya there after exams...luv ya, your grounded pilot

Aux grenouilles du main, Joyeux Noel Père Noel, Ho ho ho...Des fou braque d'la Fac Barbie, l'impécable et le reste d'la gang.

To girl at the Plant on Fri @ 2 w/ the black shirt w/ white stripes. Santa will have a present under your tree. Meet; same time & place.

Danish Princess: Hungarian Bell...call for a dining experience fit for a queen. Tango.

To my little niblet; Can I be the spark to light your 25th flame? Happy B-day!!! Make a wish! Love Peaches.

Hey BLR: You stand your from the herd. You are my one and only. From: Moo-cow.

To Darcie in Yoga MWF 1pm may-be we could meet someday and you could teach me how to bend that way. Interested?

French 150-Krystin R-put on your Santa suit & meet me under the mistletoe



Scott, English 101, I hope we can get together once again, the first time was magical. Merry Christmas, Love Teddy Bear.

Janet: Everyone else can see that the "reindeer" likes you; why can't you? May-be you should start wearing your glasses. -Bya & Spatz

Brian: Get a job or quit smoking-the choice is yours. Just quit bunning butts from the rest of us.-Bya & Spatz

Sweet G: Santa may prefer "nice" little boys, but I love

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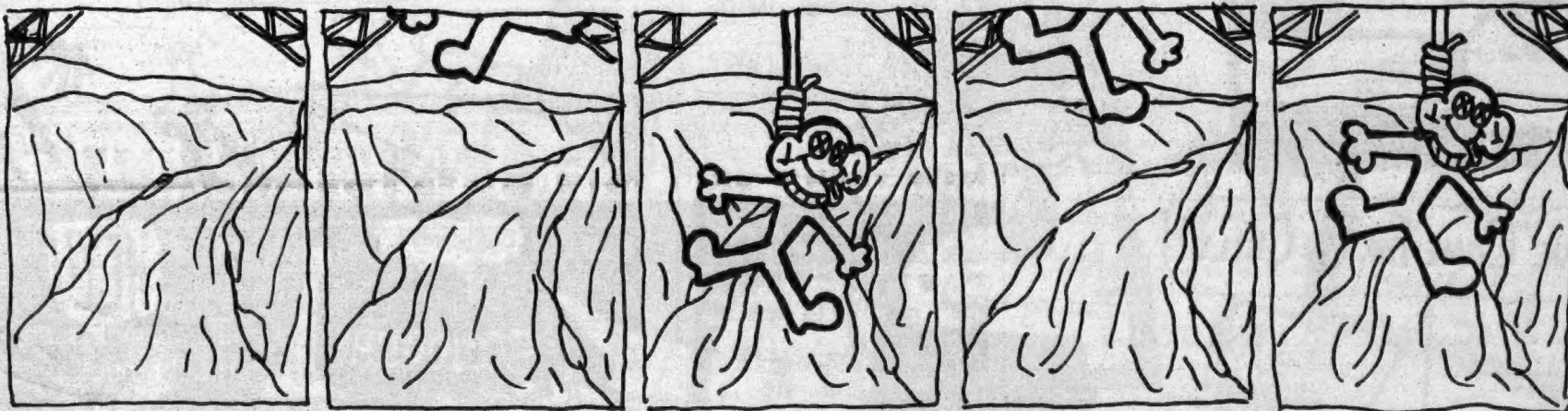
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COMICS

Managing Editor Fish Griwkowsky 492-5178

The Germ



Bungi - Suicide

"Remember Kids, don't try this at home"



Campus Ninja

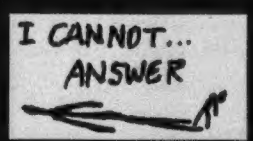
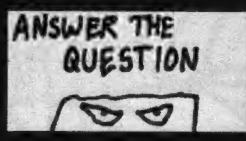




The Infinity Squadron



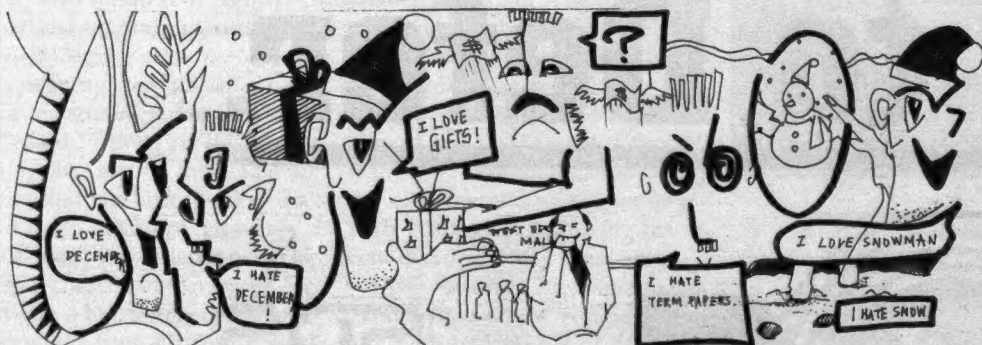
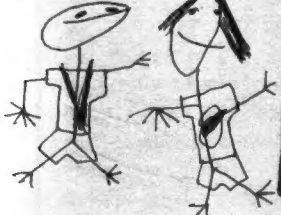
Cartoonists! If you are interested in participating in the next issue, check in at the office before next Monday, 'cause that's when it is. Meanwhile, enjoy this mini-cartoon...



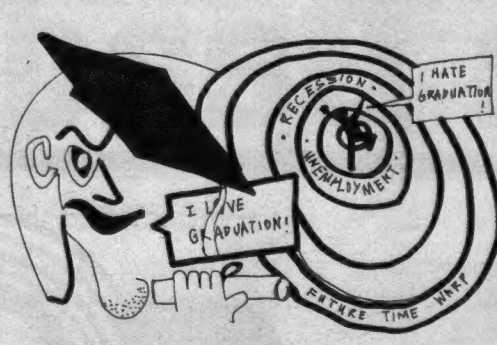
Cornhead

CORNHEAD
FAN ART

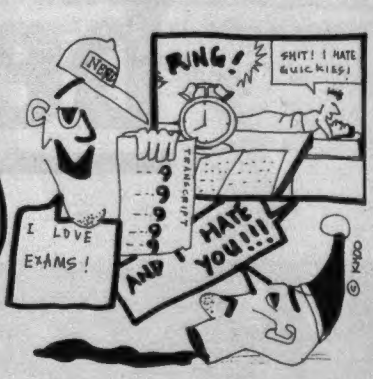
RUTH ANN
AGE 3



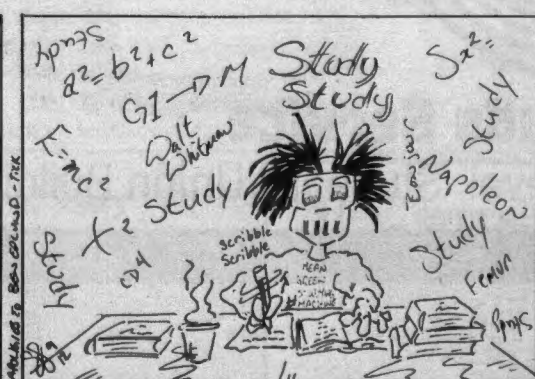
THE OBSESSIONS WITH DECEMBER. MR. KLAUS AND EXAMS. RUNNING OUT OF TIME. OH BOY.



DON'T YOU LOVE DECEMBER?

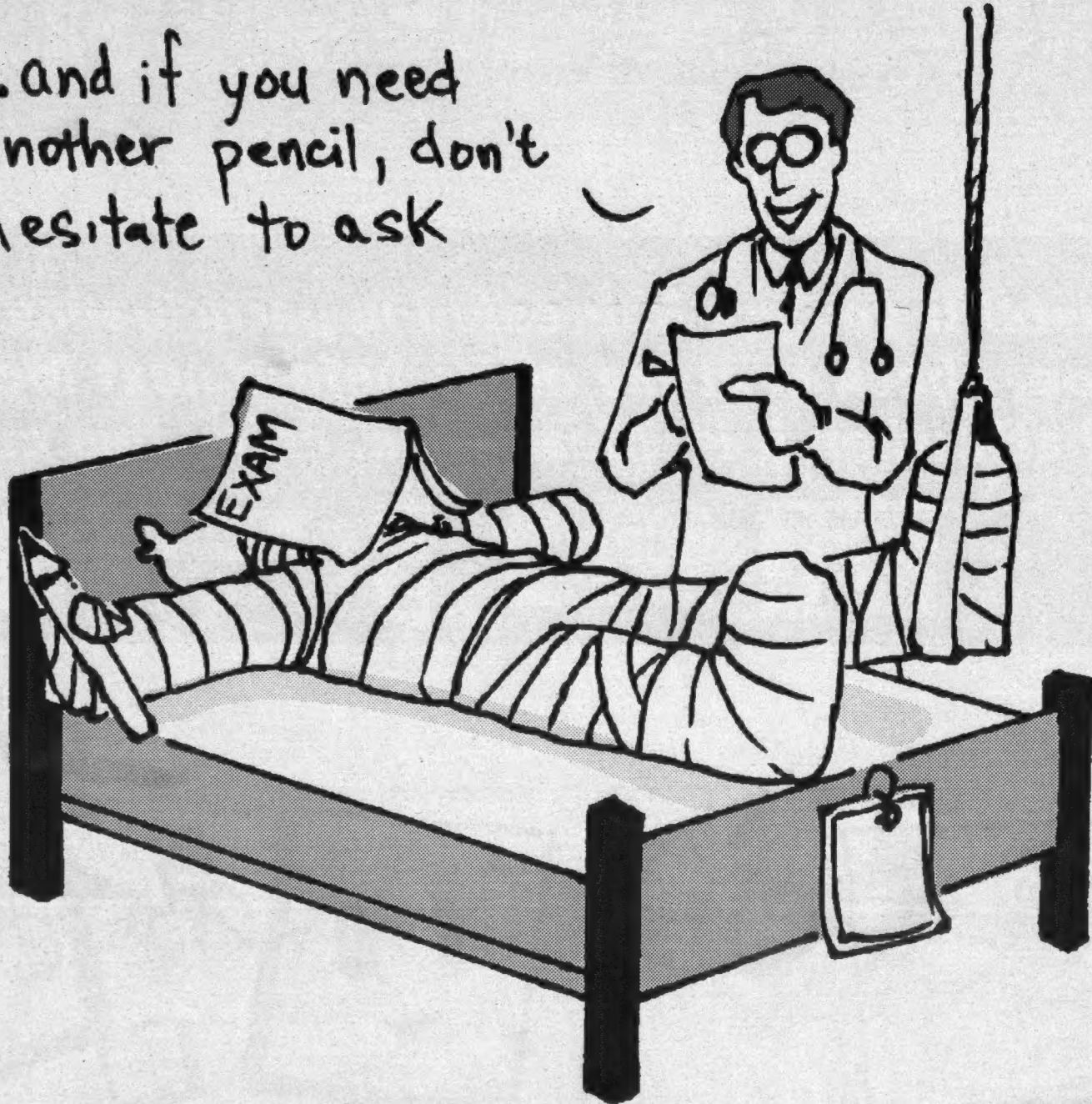


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S.O.S. Disaster Prevention Tip #3

...and if you need
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